



No. 444.—VOL. XXXV.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 31, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



MISS CONNIE EDISS IN "THE SILVER SLIPPER," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

THE CLUBMAN.

The King and the Yeomen and Doctors—The Change of Court Mourning—General Baden-Powell's Return—Earl Cromer.

THE distribution of medals to the three thousand gallant Yeomen may be said to have been the event that marked the close of the Season, and at Goodwood this week and at Cowes next week the world of Society and Clubland picnics before the moors and the foreign spas and watering-places each claim their contingents. The kindly speech of His Majesty to the learned doctors who have come from all the countries of Europe to attend the Tuberculosis Congress was another proof, were one needed, of the thoughtfulness and tact of our King, and from every home, rich or poor, will come an echo of the earnest hope expressed by him that the devoted band of physicians who are fighting disease steadily and gaining victory after victory may find some means of staying the ravages of cancer, for that dread disease sets foot impartially in the palace and in the cottage.

The presence of one of the Royal Princesses at the Opera and the removal of the bands of crape that all officers in both Services have worn for the past six months mark the official change from full Court mourning to half-mourning. When the history of the early portion of this century is written, the historian will record that one of the most striking proofs of the love that her people had for Queen Victoria was that after her death the world of London which had been in touch with her Court wore mourning for her for six months. The mark of reverence for the memory of a great Queen was a purely voluntary one, for the order as to Court mourning applied only to officials of the Court, and the Army and Navy orders affected only the officers of the sister services when in uniform.

Both the Army and Clubland are very glad to see General Baden-Powell back in England, but there is a genuine regret that the cause of his return is ill-health. Every soldier will understand and approve "B.-P.'s" wish that he may be allowed to regain his health in quiet, and that his real welcome home may be postponed for a time. The hero of Mafeking is one of those energetic and gallant spirits who, when one great deed has been done, look forward, not back, and are eager for the next difficulty to be conquered, the next feat achieved.

Lord Cromer is swiftly climbing the golden ladder of titles. He was created a Baron in 1892, a Viscount in 1898, and now he has become an Earl. It is given to but few diplomatists to gain their successive coronets so rapidly. Lord Cromer seems to have become the indispensable man in Egypt, and in that country itself, when men discuss the possibility of his translation to some other great appointment, they always are baffled to name a possible successor. Lord Milner was the diplomatist on whom the mantle of the Uncrowned King of Egypt might, it was thought at one time, fall, but he is now, as the High Commissioner of the Cape, doing work just as responsible and even more difficult than is given to Lord Cromer in the Land of the Pharaohs. Lord Cromer has been the strong man in a weak country, and it is curious how the strange mixture of nationalities which is the Egypt of to-day winces under the firm grasp, but, all the same, is proud of the iron grip which has steered a very frail vessel into smooth seas, and still keeps the helm steady. "Take away Lord Cromer and your Army of Occupation, and in a fortnight you would see astonishing things," said one of the best-known European dwellers in Egypt a few days ago to me; and he went on to tell me that, though no reigning Prince has ever, probably, been so dragooned by a Minister as the Khedive has been by our Consul-General, the Princely ruler has a very genuine admiration and a profound belief in him. "If the Khedive to-morrow were involved in a suit in which all his estates and money were at stake, and Lord Cromer was suggested as an arbitrator, the Prince would accept him without a moment's hesitation, so convinced is he of the Englishman's perfect fairness and open-mindedness." I am again quoting my friend from Egypt, who is not an Englishman and who has no particular cause to love our nation. He spoke with authority, for he knows better than most men of the country the minds of the Princely families of Egypt. One matter which has impressed deeply the Egyptians of all classes is the unsparing punishment that Lord Cromer has dealt out to any of the small official fry who have been detected in taking bribes. The higher officials of the Civil Service in Egypt were many of them Indian Civil Servants, and the same splendid code of honour prevails in the Civil Service of the Country of the Nile as is to be found in our great Eastern Empire; but some of the European underlings have from time to time found the temptations of the country of backsheesh too much for their probity, and them, when their offence has been discovered, Lord Cromer has swept clean out of the country, much to the surprise of the Fellahs, who have for ages believed that officials were people whom it was their duty to bribe. The Frenchmen in Egypt, perhaps, resent Lord Cromer's stalwart methods more than the citizens of any other nation. They never can forgive themselves for not being there, through their own fault, on equal terms with ourselves, and, when our Consul-General first took his post, there were constant trials of strength between the new man and some of those who had been used to pull the wires. I remember meeting in Cairo in 1884 a Frenchman who had just got the worst of one of these little encounters. He had the look on his face of a man whose ears had been boxed, and he shrugged his shoulders as he said to me, "The strong hand in the glove of velvet, that is bad enough; but when the hand has no glove—!" The strong hand, gloved or ungloved, was what the country required.

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

Lord Milner's Freedom—A Damp Medal-Day—London Washed Out—Lucky Brighton—Hard Luck on Lockwood—A Fine All-Round Cricketer—A Piccadilly Joke—A Wise Innovation—The Want of Clocks in London.

I WENT down to give Lord Milner a cheer when he received the Freedom of the City from the Lord Mayor. He is looking all the better for his holiday, and I hope that the Freedom of the City will be a good mental if not bodily tonic. But, barring the honour, what good it does anyone to be a Freeman of the City I cannot find out, and nobody seems to know. One man told me he thought it enabled you to get into the City Almshouses when you were old, but I wish Lord Milner luck to be free from that fate. I wonder if any of the "C.I.V." have benefited by it.

The Medal Day of the Imperial Yeomanry was rather unfortunate, as the rain came down in torrents all the morning and a good part of the afternoon. I saw the men walking about the West-End after the presentation was over, and remarked what a splendid set of fellows they were. They all looked as hard as nails and fit to go anywhere, and it is evident that, if a man has a good constitution, campaigning in South Africa does him no harm. Unfortunately, many of the men who went out had weak points about them, and they suffered accordingly.

The thunderstorm in London last week was a record, it seems, in several respects. Not for a long time have we had lightning following so instantaneously on the thunder. Happily, only two flagstaffs and a cab-horse were hit, and the chief damage done was by the rain. Nearly two inches in one afternoon will take some beating, and I am not surprised that low-lying places got swamped. The foundations of the new Government buildings in Whitehall were converted into swimming-baths.

One result of the storm was that there was next to no cricket at the end of last week. The only ground on which play was possible was Brighton, where Sussex and Hampshire began their match. Captain Greig and Mr. Barrett made a century apiece for Hampshire, which is the county of long-scoring soldiers, and that was all that was done all over England. At the Oval, Surrey just had time to win the toss before the thunderstorm broke, and then play ended for the day, while at Lord's they got in twenty minutes' play in a minor match.

"The Man in the Street" is particularly sorry for Lockwood, whose benefit match was spoiled by the rain, which finished up the week with a soaker in nearly all parts of the kingdom, so that all but two of the matches had to be abandoned early in the day. Somehow, benefit matches seem to be unlucky, but Lockwood has had the worst bit of luck that any player has experienced since Flowers' benefit at Lord's on Whit Monday 1899, when the rain ruined the pitch.

Setting aside "Bobbie" Abel, and perhaps one or two others, there is no player who is more of an attraction to "The Man in the Street" than Lockwood. He is always safe to come off both as a bowler and as a batsman, and in the former capacity is, on his day, about the finest bowler now playing. Surrey were in luck when they brought him down from Notts, for since he made his home at the Oval he has done first-rate all-round work for the great Metropolitan County. "The Man in the Street" wishes good luck and plenty of it to Lockwood in the future.

I cannot congratulate the authorities, County Council or otherwise, on the proposed widening of Piccadilly. In front of the Green Park the street is fairly broad, but gets absurdly narrow at Albert Gate and up by St. James's Hall. Of course, the widening is needed at the narrow points, and yet the Council solemnly proposes to take in a strip of the Green Park and widen the road where it is not required. Of course, the only result will be to make the crush at the narrow parts twice as bad as it is now.

It is good news, however, that, when the new street from Holborn to the Strand is made, a tunnel will be built under it in which the drain-pipes, telephone and telegraph wires, gas and water mains, and all the rest of it will be laid. This is a matter of real importance to "The Man in the Street," for it will stop this everlasting digging-up of the streets. If there had been a tunnel under our main thoroughfares, it would not have been necessary to upset London to lay down the "G.P.O." telephone wires.

Why are there so few clocks in London? Were it not for an occasional church clock, I do not know what we should do, for the Town Clocks which are to be seen in every provincial town are sadly missing in London. I think that the least the new Boroughs can do to celebrate their birthdays is to put up good clocks in conspicuous positions where people can see them, and, what is more, to put up clocks that can keep time. There is one imposing-looking clock that I know of that never has kept time, and, as I pass it every day, I ought to know. If my watch ever agreed with it, I should send the watch to be mended; but that is not the sort we want, Mr. Mayor and Corporation.

IN SOCIETY: JOTTINGS BY "THE SKETCH" CHAPERON.

Goodwood—"Bridge"—A Smart Anglo-American Party—Royal Portrait-Painters—The Promise of Cowes.

GOODWOOD is this year much shorn of its glory, the one really amusing and brilliant house-party being that gathered together at West Dean Park, where Mr. and Mrs. Willie James have the honour of entertaining the only Royal visitor—that is, the Grand Duke Michael, who, with his pretty, clever wife, the Countess Torby, has become quite an integral part of the great English world.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, who have now for some years past spent the Goodwood Week at West Dean, are among Mrs. James's



COWES ANTICIPATED: HIS MAJESTY THE KING AND ADMIRAL THE HON. SIR H. KEPPEL.

Photo by Debenham, Cowes, Isle of Wight.

other guests, and "Bridge" is, accordingly, the order of the day. Apropos of "Bridge," I am told that some serious-minded people who, in spite of or because of their severity to their weaker brethren, exert not a little influence in high quarters, earnestly desire that the craze for this particular game should be brought to the official notice of the House of Lords' Committee now dealing with the evil of betting!

To return to Goodwood. Owing to one thing or to another, some of the best-known houses in that part of West Sussex are either shut up or for some reason the owners do not care to entertain during the race-week. Both Goodwood House and Arundel Castle are lacking the vivifying presence of a reigning Duchess; Sir John Milbanke is still at "the Front," and his beautiful old place, Earham, is let; and Sir Henry De Bathe, once one of the most faithful of Goodwood *habitués*, has also let his pretty place, Wood End. But it is said in the neighbourhood that next year Goodwood House will be—as it so often has been in the past—overflowing with Royal visitors, including King Edward and Queen Alexandra, for, according to present arrangements, the

SECOND GOODWOOD WEEK OF THE NEW CENTURY

will be just a month after the Coronation, and already one hears of houses and suites of rooms in the leading London hotels being taken for quite long periods by Continental Royalties who intend to enjoy what one of the King's nieces is said to have somewhat irreverently described as "a Coronation jaunt."

The sudden cooling down of the tropical weather was, from the social point of view, very beneficial to the last week of this somewhat dull Season. There were parties every night—none smarter than that given by two popular members of the Anglo-American Colony, Lady Cunard and Mrs. Leggett, whose pretty house in Bruton Street looked as much like a bit of fairyland as a London house can ever look. The proceedings opened with a large dinner-party, at which Lady Warwick was the reigning beauty, and ended with a dance, the cotillon, which was arranged in quite the French fashion, being led by the indefatigable Mrs. Arthur Paget, who manages, no one quite knows how, to always look rather younger than her own daughter, and this although Miss Leila Paget is quite one of the younger beauties. Bachelors and elder sons were in full force, and included the great *parti*, Lord Howard de Walden, Lord Kerry, who looks none the worse for his long sojourn in South Africa, and Count Albert Mensdorf, who will probably be among their Majesties' guests on the Royal Yacht, for he is one of the comparatively few people who can call the King cousin. It is said that dear old Admiral Sir Harry Keppel will also be on the Royal Yacht, for he is one of the King's most faithful and loyal friends.

Another brilliant party was that given last Monday by Lady Wolverton, who has of late shown signs that she inherits her mother's, Georgina Lady Dudley's, social gifts. By the end of last week people were leaving town in crowds for the country, for Scotland, or for the Continent, though, of course, many lingered on to be present at one or

other of the smart weddings, of which one, and sometimes two, took place each day, though it was amusing, in view of the fact that the wedding was put off, to read long and circumstantial accounts, duly accompanied by portraits, of

THE WEDDING OF LADY VICTORIA INNES-KER

to Captain C. H. Villiers. The postponement was owing to the bride-elect—one of Queen Victoria's favourite god-daughters—having been so prostrated by the heat that she has been ordered to take something very like a rest cure. Lady Victoria has had a very trying two years. Not only has her brother, the Duke of Roxburghe, been in constant danger at "the Front"—for he is, they say, quite recklessly brave, and has more than once deserved the Victoria Cross—but the sister to whom she is so devoted had the terrible sorrow of losing her popular husband, Major Orr-Ewing, last year; also last, not at least, her own *fiancé* has not long returned from South Africa. Apropos of forthcoming weddings, an engagement of considerable interest both to sporting and to Sussex people has just been announced, that of Sir Merrik Burrell, one of the good-looking officers of the "Royals," cousin and contemporary of the whole Loder clan, to Miss Wynans, the daughter of the famous shot.

I hear that M. Benjamin-Constant has been spending some pleasant days in town, and that among the autumn shows in Bond Street will probably be his portrait of Queen Alexandra, who, by the way, received him last week very kindly.

APROPOS OF ROYAL PORTRAITS,

Mr. Luke Fildes has nearly completed his official presentment of the King, and Mr. Edward Hughes is hard at work on a full-length of Queen Alexandra as she appeared when standing by the King's side in the House of Lords. Mr. Hughes, who has done what many people consider by far the best and most characteristic portrait of Her Majesty—that exhibited by the King's special wish at the Guildhall two years ago—has had special facilities given him for the very careful and elaborate painting of the Queen's throne and of its splendid heraldic background. The Queen is, of course, wearing in this picture a severe black mourning-gown, but a touch of colour is afforded both by the broad blue ribbon of the Garter and by the splendid red robes, which are so massed together on the throne as to form a background to the slender silhouetted figure which, as time goes on, seems to gain rather than lose in grace and beauty.

Thanks to the fact that their Majesties will be on the Solent, the Cowes Fortnight promises to be exceptionally brilliant. Last year the whole of the yachting world went into sudden mourning owing to the lamented death of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and it is quite clear that we are again to have a black Regatta, though, of course, a great deal of white cloth and grey flannel will be worn. It is also hinted that those good people who are looking forward to making a "cure" at Homburg will do well to array themselves in sable garments, or they must not hope to receive any invitations "to have the honour of meeting His Majesty the King."



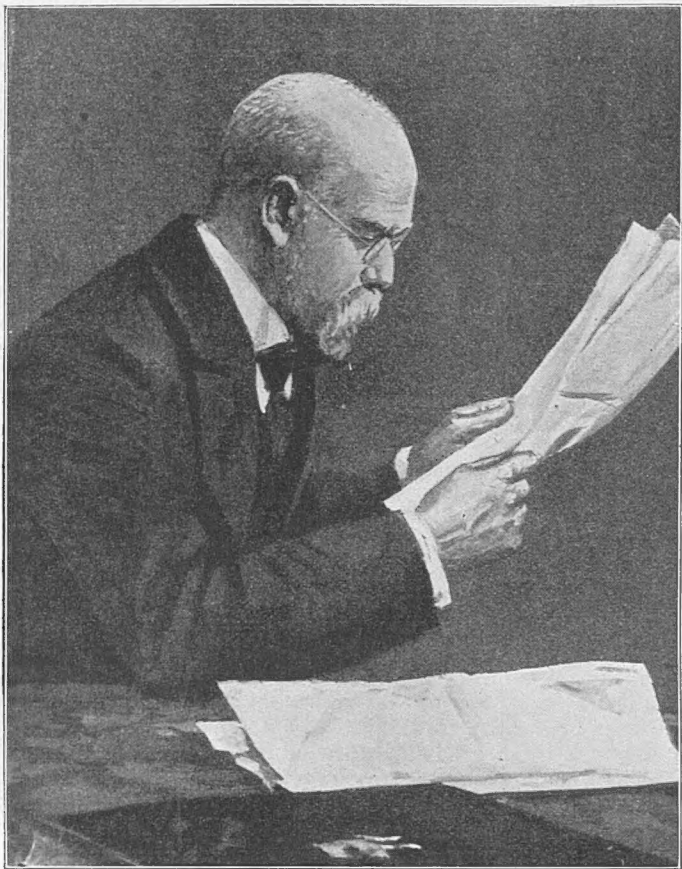
Princess Charles. Princess Victoria.

COWES ANTICIPATED: HIS MAJESTY THE KING, PRINCESS VICTORIA, AND PRINCESS CHARLES OF DENMARK IN YACHTING ATTIRE.

Photo by Debenham, Cowes, Isle of Wight.

PROFESSOR KOCH AND CONSUMPTION CURE.

IF ever there was a case where a man's work so dominated the attention of the world to the exclusion of all else, even to overwhelming his personality, it assuredly is that of Professor Koch, who all last week was the most-talked-of individual in medical circles. If it had been possible to canvass all the physicians and surgeons who



DR. KOCH, WHO MADE SUCH A DEEP IMPRESSION AT THE LONDON CONGRESS ON CONSUMPTION.

foregathered in St. James's Hall, it is questionable whether half-a-dozen of them all told could have given any personal details of the bearded man with the short-cropped hair and the bulldog appearance, who spoke his broken English with a clear, determined voice, and whom they all met to honour while discussing the subject with which his name is indissolubly linked for all time. It is curious to reflect that it was almost by accident that he discovered the bacillus of consumption, the discovery being due in great part at least to the methods of staining microscopic preparations introduced by the Professor himself. It goes without the saying, of course, that he was working on the subject of consumption when he made his discovery.

The present method of examining cattle for consumption by injections of tuberculin the world owes entirely to Dr. Koch, whose expressed belief that the disease is not readily transmitted through milk will undoubtedly bring comfort to the souls of many nervous people, even though Lord Lister and his English colleagues refuse to accept the statement without further proof. Dr. Koch, who will be fifty-eight at the end of the year, was at one time a member of the Imperial Board of Health in Germany, and in 1883 was a Privy Councillor. After having been a Director of the German Cholera Commission which sat in 1883, he became Professor at the Berlin University and Director of the Institute of Hygiene. Ten years ago he was made an Honorary Professor and Director of the new Institute for Infectious Diseases. His study of the cholera bacillus took him to India, while in order to do the work connected with malaria with which his name is associated he went to Italy and other parts of the world.

OXYGEN FOR THE BALD.

A GOOD deal of interest has been stimulated among the people whose hair either shows a tendency to come off or has already gone the way of all hair by the announcement that at the Oxygen Hospital, Fitzroy Square, the application of the gas has been effective in producing a cure.

In certain cases, it is true, this result has been brought about, but it was not primarily to achieve this object that the treatment was instituted. Indeed, it is much more than questionable whether anyone who wanted to get his hair back would receive treatment at the Institution, which was founded for the purpose of curing much more serious complaints. Even if it could be applied, however, it is problematical whether more than thirty per cent. of the cases would

be cured, and as a treatment it is by no means so rapid as seems to be generally anticipated, for, though it may possibly take three months to produce any effect, it is by no means improbable that six months might be required.

On the whole, therefore, it is well that people who are bald should get what consolation they can from the lessened trouble they have with their hair rather than attempt a cure which may not be a cure at all, and which it is highly unlikely they can get applied, at present at all events, even if it were.

THE THEATRICAL DULL SEASON.

ALTHOUGH we are in the dull as well as the dog days, there has been a little change in the theatres. For instance, "H.M.S. Irresponsible"—or shall I say, "Arthur the Irrepressible"?—has wandered from the Strand to the Globe Theatre, to be joined by the charming Phyllis Broughton, too chary of her charms to playgoers, and Mr. Fred Storey, the versatile artist capable of filling any function in a playhouse save, perhaps, that of audience. Moreover, "The Sorrows of Satan" "bobs up serenely"—pleasant memories of the Strand suggest the phrase—at the Court Theatre, which apparently for a while is to become what one may call a suburban theatre. Whether a theatre can be run as home for touring companies at regular West-End prices seems an interesting question—possibly, indeed, one should not call a company which includes Mr. C. W. Somerset and Miss Grace Warner a touring company in the normal sense of the term.

The "halls" continue their engrossing career, and September will see the appearance at the Palace of Miss Esmé Beringer, one of our cleverest, handsomest young actresses, and daughter of a distinguished dramatist and a brilliant musician. Playgoers fortunate enough to remember her remarkable Romeo at the Prince of Wales's Theatre will recollect her vivid stage-combats. Her superb skill with sword and dagger led to a performance at a charity matinée of a quaint duologue between her and the famous swordsman, Mr. Egerton Castle, in which a lesson founded on Saviole's book was given by teacher to pupil, ending in a "free bout." So startling and strong was the affair that Mr. Edward Morton, the vigilant, astute Manager of the Palace, saw in it an original and thrilling "turn" for his house, and so has engaged Miss Beringer to appear during the autumn as the pupil in the duologue.

WILKIE COLLINS'S SUCCESSOR.

ONE of the best antidotes I find for daily troubles is to "steal a few hours from the night, my boys," under the fascinating spell of the latest new novel by Mr. William Le Queux, a clever writer who has gathered great and varied experience of life in many countries—first as an art-student in the Quartier Latin, then as an observant pedestrian through Europe, à la Oliver Goldsmith, and as an industrious London journalist on the *Globe* and other papers, before he became a fanciful deviser of romances. In "Her Majesty's Minister," Mr. William Le Queux has interweaved an absorbing love-story, the hero of which is an Attaché at the British Embassy in Paris, and an exciting plot based upon the successful attempt of foreign secret-service conspirators to obtain early information of the contents of important despatches sent by the Government to the representative of Great Britain in France. It would be unfair to reveal the ingenious mode of operation of the cunning foreign agents. The chapter in which they are checkmated is exceedingly powerful, and would make a sensational scene for a drama, as Mr. Le Queux was doubtless the first to see. Take up any other of the author's novels—"The Great War in England," "Whoso Findeth a Wife," "England's Peril," "If Sinners Entice Thee," "Secrets of Monte Carlo," or "In White Raiment"—and you will find it difficult to put the volume down before you have finished it, and will readily acknowledge that the mantle of Wilkie Collins is worthily worn by William Le Queux, who is as modest as he is talented. I counsel Mr. Le Queux to try his hand at a drama, for he should be as successful as a dramatist as he unquestionably is as a novelist through the publishing firm of Messrs. F. V. White and Co., 14, Bedford Street, Strand.



MR. WILLIAM LE QUEUX, AUTHOR OF "HER MAJESTY'S MINISTER."

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

THE HOLIDAYS AND THE RAILWAYS.

PARIS, NORMANDY, AND BRITTANY

for August Bank Holiday. The Brighton Railway Company are announcing that by their Royal Mail Route *via* Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen, to Paris and the Continent, through the charming scenery of Normandy and the Valley of the Seine, a special fourteen-day excursion to Paris will be run from London by the Special Express Day Service on Saturday, Aug. 3, and also by the Express Night Service on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Aug. 1 to 3. Cheap return tickets to Caen for Normandy and Brittany will also be issued from London on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Aug. 1, 2, and 3, by the direct route, *via* Newhaven, available for return any week-day within fourteen days. For cyclists special tickets are issued, including bicycle.

SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.

Cheap day excursions will be run on Sunday, Aug. 4, and Bank Holiday, from Charing Cross, Waterloo, Cannon Street, London Bridge, and New Cross, to Tunbridge Wells, Hastings, Ashford, Canterbury, Deal, Walmer, Ramsgate, Margate, Hythe, Sandgate, Folkestone, Dover, and Gravesend. Cheap day tickets, available by certain trains, will be issued to Aldershot on Bank Holiday from Charing Cross, Cannon Street, and London Bridge Stations.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY ON THE CONTINENT.

For the convenience of holiday-makers on the Continent, cheap tickets will be issued to Brussels, available for eight days, *via* Harwich and Antwerp. Passengers leaving London in the evening reach Brussels next morning. For visiting The Hague, Amsterdam, and other parts of Holland, the Rhine, North and South Germany, and Bâle (for Switzerland), special facilities are offered *via* the Great Eastern Railway Company's Royal British Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route, through carriages being run to Amsterdam, Berlin, Cologne and Bâle, also restaurant-car on the North and South German express trains to and from the Hook of Holland. The General Steam Navigation Company's fast passenger-steamers will leave Harwich for Hamburg on July 31 and Aug. 3, returning Aug 4 and 7.

THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY.

Fast excursion trains leave Paddington every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday to Weston-super-Mare; every Monday (except Aug. 5), and every Friday, by the new route *via* Patney and Westbury, to Frome, Yeovil, Dorchester, Weymouth, &c.; every Monday and Friday to Swindon, Bath, Bristol, Gloucester, Cheltenham, Hereford, &c.; Tuesday night, Aug. 6, and every Wednesday afterwards to Rhyl, Llandudno, Bettws-y-Coed, &c.; every Wednesday for Shrewsbury, Aberystwyth, Dolgelly, Barmouth, &c.; Taunton, Tiverton, &c.; every Wednesday noon and Thursday to Minehead (for Lynton and Lynmouth), &c.

THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY

announce that cheap excursions will be run as follows: On Wednesday, July 31, and each Wednesday until Sept. 18, for eight days, to Sheringham, Cromer (Beach), Mundesley-on-Sea, Yarmouth (Beach), Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, and Mablethorpe. On Friday, Aug. 2, for four or ten days, from London, Woolwich (Arsenal and Dockyard), Greenwich (South-Eastern and Chatham), Victoria (South-Eastern and Chatham), Ludgate Hill, Moorgate, Aldersgate, Farringdon, King's Cross (Great Northern), &c., for Northallerton, Darlington, Richmond, Durham, Newcastle, Alnwick, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow (International Exhibition), Helensburgh, Dumbarton, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Dalmally, Oban, Fort William, Montrose, Aberdeen, Inverness, and other stations in Scotland. Passengers with four-day tickets return on Tuesday, Aug. 6, and those with ten-day tickets return on Monday, Aug. 12.

THE GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY

August Bank Holiday excursions from Marylebone (near Baker Street and Edgware Road Stations), Woolwich, Greenwich, &c., are as follows: Thursdays, Aug. 1, 15, 29, Sept. 12 and 26, for sixteen days, to Ireland, including Belfast, Londonderry, Giant's Causeway, &c.; also Fridays, Aug. 2, 16, 30, Sept. 13, 27, to Dublin, Bray, Cork, Galway, Killarney, &c.; also Saturdays, Aug. 10, 24, Sept. 7, 21, to Londonderry, *via* Liverpool and direct steamer. Saturday, Aug. 3, early morning, for three, six, and eight days, and night, for two, five, and seven days, to Leicester, Nottingham, Sheffield, Huddersfield, Bradford, Halifax, Oldham, Stockport, Warrington, Liverpool, Manchester, &c.

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY

arrangements for the August Bank Holiday are as follows: Cheap excursion trains will be run from London on Friday night, Aug. 2, to Stirling, Perth, Aberdeen, Inverness, &c., for four or ten days, and to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dumfries, Castle Douglas, Ayr, &c., for four and ten days, by which trains third-class return-tickets will be issued at about a single fare for the double journey, available for sixteen days.

THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN

have arranged convenient fast expresses for tourists and families to North Wales, Central Wales, Blackpool, and the English Lake District. Particulars of these will be found in *The Sketch* advertisement columns.

As regards Ireland, the

GREAT SOUTHERN AND WESTERN

Railway are issuing cheap excursion tickets to Killarney from the principal stations in England.

LONDON HIPPODROME,
CRANBOURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.
Managing Director, MR. H. E. MOSS.
TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.
AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

MILITARY EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.

Open 12 noon to 11.30 p.m. ADMISSION 1s.
BIG AND QUICK-FIRING GUNS.
MILITARY EQUIPMENTS.
BRITISH AND FRENCH ARMY TYPES.
BATTLE PICTURES.
RELICS OF HEROES.
IMRE KIRALFY'S
GRAND MILITARY SPECTACLE,
CHINA.
CHINA.
CHINA.
CHINA.
TWICE DAILY, at 3.30 and 8.30 p.m.
GRENADE GUARDS AND OTHER MILITARY BANDS.
Boat Trip on the Canton River. Stereorama. Boer Farm. Chinese Soldiers' Camp. American Continuous Vaudeville Theatre. Military Living Pictures. Magic Doll.
IMRE KIRALFY, Director-General.

BERTINI'S, 51 and 52, Haymarket, London.—A High-Class Restaurant at Strictly Moderate Prices. Service à la Carte and at Fixed Prices. Table d'Hôte Dinner from 6 to 9 p.m.—G. P. BERTINI, of East Room fame, and Organiser of the Hôtel Cecil, Proprietor.

TINTAGEL, CORNWALL.—KING ARTHUR'S CASTLE HOTEL (Camelford, *via* Exeter), overlooking the Far-famed Ruins of King Arthur's Stronghold. Unobstructed Views of the Atlantic and Rugged Cornish Coast. Bracing Climate. Electric Light, Golf, Lift. Hot and Cold Sea-water Baths, and Every Luxury. Telegrams, "Castle Hotel, Tintagel."

WEYMOUTH.—GLOUCESTER HOTEL (formerly the Summer Residence of George III.); newly furnished throughout by Messrs. Oetzmann, and decorated by Creaton and Co. Every Modern Convenience. Excellent Cooking and Cellar. Finest position in Weymouth, overlooking the Sea. For tariff, &c., apply to A. Middleton, Proprietor.

NORMANDY.—HÔTEL DE PUY. —One mile from Dieppe, about Five Hours from London. A Chislehurst on Sea. Trout Streams, Forests, beautiful Country Lanes, Late Home of Lord Salisbury. Sea View from all Rooms, Dining-room overlooking Sea. Electric Light. Inclusive Terms from 12s. 6d. per day. Address, Manager.

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Further particulars of the G.S.N. Co., 55, Great Tower Street, E.C., or of the Continental Traffic Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

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TOM BROWNE,

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Derby, July 1901. JOHN MATHIESON, General Manager.

L O N D O N A N D N O R T H - W E S T E R N R A I L W A Y.

CONVENIENT FAST EXPRESSES FOR TOURISTS AND FAMILIES.

NORTH WALES TOURIST RESORTS.

		a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston) ...	dep.	9 30	11 15	1 30
Rhyl ...	arr.	3 3	4 30	6 53
Colwyn Bay ...	"	3 3	4 50	7 33
Llandudno ...	"	3 30	5 20	7 45
Penmaenmawr ...	"	4 8	5 22	7 36
Bangor ...	"	3 24	5 43	7 55
Pwllheli ...	"	5 15	...	9 50
Criccieth ...	"	5 8	...	9 38

		a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston) ...	dep.	9 30	11 0	2 35
Barmouth ...	arr.	4 35	6 10	...
Aberystwyth ...	"	4 20	5 45	9 35

CENTRAL WALES.

		a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston) ...	dep.	11 0	1 30	...
Llandrindod Wells ...	arr.	4 15	7 5	...
Llangamarch Wells ...	"	4 52	7 38	...
Llanwrtyd Wells ...	"	5 5	7 44	...

BLACKPOOL AND ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT.

		a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
London (Euston) ...	dep.	10 25	11 30	...
Blackpool ...	arr.	4 7
Morecambe ...	"	3 49
Windermere ...	"	...	5 15	...
Keswick ...	"	...	6 35	...

For further particulars see the Company's Time Tables and Notices.
Euston, July 1901. FRED. HARRISON, General Manager.

G R E A T N O R T H E R N R A I L W A Y, I R E L A N D.

THE ROYAL MAIL ROUTE between ENGLAND and BELFAST and the NORTH OF IRELAND via KINGSTOWN, and EXPRESS SERVICES via DUBLIN, NORTH WALL, and via GREENORE.

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Dublin, 1901. HENRY FLEWIS, General Manager.

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For full information apply at IRISH TOURIST OFFICE, 2, CHANCING CROSS, LONDON; or to JAMES COWIE, Traffic Manager, Northern Counties Railway, Belfast.

I N T E N D I N G T O U R I S T S T O I R E L A N D

Are advised to send Twelve Stamps to the Superintendent of Line, Great Northern and Western Railway, Dublin, and they will receive by return the Company's Official Illustrated Guide and Tourist Programme, giving all information as to Hotels and Travel by Rail, Coach, Lake and River Steamers, and Cycles, in the South and West, including

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PARKNASILLA, WATERVILLE, CARAGH LAKE,

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S O U T H - E A S T E R N A N D C H A T H A M R A I L W A Y.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

SPECIAL EXCURSIONS to PARIS via FOLKESTONE and

BOULOGNE on Aug. 1, 2, and 3, leaving VICTORIA 2.45 p.m., HOLBORN 2.40 p.m. and ST. PAUL'S 2.42 p.m.; also via DOVER and CALAIS, leaving VICTORIA, CHANCING CROSS, HOLBORN, and CANNON STREET at 9 a.m. on Aug. 3, and at 9 p.m. on Aug. 1, 2, and 3. Returning from PARIS any day within 14 days at 3.25 p.m. and 9 p.m.

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS to BOULOGNE will be issued on Aug. 2, 3, 4, and 5. CHEAP TICKETS available for certain specified periods will also be issued to BRUSSELS, CALAIS, OSTEND, and Towns in HOLLAND during the Holidays.

CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS will be run on Sunday, Aug. 4, and Bank Holiday from the principal LONDON STATIONS to ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, DEAL, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, GRAVESEND, HASTINGS, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, RAMSGATE, BROADSTAIRS, MARGATE, HYTHE, FOLKESTONE, DOVER, &c. AFTERNOON EXCURSIONS on Sunday, Aug. 4, to WHITSTABLE and HERNE BAY, from VICTORIA, CHANCING CROSS, HOLBORN, CANNON STREET, and SUBURBAN STATIONS. Also to PURLEY, KENLEY, WARLINGHAM, and CATERHAM, from CHANCING CROSS, WATERLOO, LONDON BRIDGE, and EAST CROYDON.

CRYSTAL PALACE (HIGH LEVEL) on BANK HOLIDAY. Return fare from London, including admission, 1s. 6d., Third Class.

For full particulars of the above Excursions, Extension of Time for certain Return Tickets, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Special Holiday Programme and Bills.

VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.

G R E A T N O R T H E R N R A I L W A Y.

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

THE CHEAP WEEK-END TICKETS, usually issued each Friday

and Saturday, will be issued on Friday, Aug. 2, or Saturday, Aug. 3, available for return on Sunday, Aug. 4, Monday, Aug. 5, Tuesday, Aug. 6, or Wednesday, Aug. 7, with the exception that tickets to Cromer, Mablethorpe, Mundesley-on-Sea, Weybourne, Sheringham, Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, West Runton, Woodhall Spa, and Yarmouth, are available for return on day of issue or on any day up to Wednesday, Aug. 7, inclusive (if train service admits).

CHEAP EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON (KING'S CROSS, SUBURBAN STATIONS, &c.). On Wednesday, July 31, and each Wednesday until Sept. 18, for 8 days, to SHERINGHAM, CROMER (Beach), MUNDESEY-ON-SEA, YARMOUTH (Beach), SKEGNESS, SUTTON-ON-SEA, and MABLETHORPE.

On Saturday, Aug. 3, and each Saturday until Sept. 18, for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days, to SKEGNESS, SUTTON-ON-SEA, MABLETHORPE, GRIMSBY, NEW CLEE, CLEETHORPES, BRIDLINGTON, FILEY, SCARBOROUGH, ROBIN HOOD'S BAY, WHITBY, SALTBURN, REDCAR, APPLEBY, TYNEMOUTH, WHITLEY BAY, CULLERCOATS, LIVERPOOL, SOUTHPORT, and DOUGLAS (Isle of Man).

For fares and full particulars see bills, to be obtained at the Company's Stations and Town Offices.
CHARLES STEEL, General Manager.

G R E A T N O R T H E R N, N O R T H - E A S T E R N, A N D N O R T H B R I T I S H R A I L W A Y S.

EAST COAST ROUTE TO SCOTLAND.

ADDITIONAL AND ACCELERATED TRAINS FROM
LONDON (KING'S CROSS),

	A	A	A	A	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
London (King's Cross) ... dep.	5 15	10 10	10 10	11 20	2 10	7 45	8 15	8 45	11 10	11 30	...
Edinburgh ... arr.	3 10	6 15	6 25	7 45	10 45	3 30	4 0	5 55	7 15	7 15	...
Glasgow ...	5 15	7 50	...	9 55	5 35	7 23	8 50	10 43	...
Craigendaran ...	5 29	9 7	...	11 44	7 27	8 38	10 7
Callander ...	6 8	9 0	...	12 20	8 52	10 55
Oban ...	9 5	4 45	11 15	2 5
Fort William ...	9 30	9 36	11 55	5 38
Mallaig	11 20	2 3
Perth ...	6 20	7 52	...	10 32	...	4 40	5 14	8 55	8 55	8 40	...
Dunkeld ...	7 54	8 40	...	1 26	6 9	10 7	10 7	9 18	...
Dundee ...	6 15	8 10	...	10 51	5 28	8 34	9 5	9 15	...
Aberdeen ...	8 40	10 5	...	12 50	7 20	...	11 10	11 20	...
Ballater	8 55	9 45	2 0	2 0
Inverness	11 25	...	5 10	...	8 15	9 10	1 50	1 50	1 30	...

A—On week days only.

B—Until Aug. 9 inclusive, Saturdays and Sundays excepted.

C—Week-days (Saturdays excepted) and Sundays.

D—Week-days and Sundays.

E—Not run to Craigendaran Pier, Callander, Oban, Fort William, Mallaig, Dundee, or Ballater on Sunday mornings, and arrives Glasgow 7.50 a.m., Perth 8.40, Dunkeld, 9.18, Inverness 1.20 on Sundays.

F—Week-days (Saturdays excepted) and Sundays.

G—Saturday nights. Not on Sunday mornings.

+ Corridor Dining-Car Saloons (First and Third Class) are attached to 10, 10.10, 11.20 a.m., and 2.20 p.m. Express trains from London (King's Cross), 10 a.m., 12.20 and 2.20 p.m. Expresses from Edinburgh (Waverley), and 6.20 a.m. from Aberdeen respectively.

BREAKFAST IS ALSO SERVED IN THE CARS LEAVING ABERDEEN AT 6.20 A.M.

Several Carriages are attached to all night trains.

CHARLES STEEL, General Manager. G.N.R.
GEORGE S. GIBB, General Manager, N.E.R.
W. F. JACKSON, General Manager, N.B.R.

King's Cross.

G R E A T W E S T E R N R A I L W A Y.

BANK HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

SPECIAL FAST EXCURSIONS will leave PADDINGTON STATION as under—
THURSDAY, Aug. 1. To CORK, KILLARNEY, BELFAST, Armagh, GIANT'S CAUSEWAY, &c., for a fortnight or less.

FRIDAY, Aug. 2. To Wellington (Salop), Market Drayton, Crewe, Stockport, MANCHESTER, &c., for 6 or 8 days; to STRATFORD-ON-AVON, Dudley and Kidderminster, for 3, 6, or 7 days; and to WATERFORD, Dungarvan, Lismore, Clonmel, Tipperary, Kilkenny, KILLARNEY, &c., for a fortnight or less.

FRIDAY MIDNIGHT, Aug. 2. To Chepstow, Newport, Merthyr, CARDIFF, Swansea, Llanelly, Llandovery, CARMARTHEN, Newcastle Emlyn, TENBY, Cardigan, Goodwick, Milford, &c., for 3, 6, or 13 days; to Oxford, Leamington, BIRMINGHAM, Wolverhampton &c., for 2, 6, or 7 days; and to Chester, Birkenhead, and Liverpool for 3, 5, or 7 days.

SATURDAY NIGHT, Aug. 3. To Swindon for 2, 3, 5, 9, 12, or 16 days; and to Bath, BRISTOL, &c., for 2, 3, 6, 9, 13, or 16 days.

SUNDAY, Aug. 4, to Swindon, CIRENCESTER, Stroud, GLOUCESTER, CHELTENHAM, &c., for 1, 2, 5, 9, 12, or 16 days.

SUNDAY NIGHT, Aug. 4. To Weston-super-Mare, Bridgwater, &c., for 1, 4, 5, 8, 11, 12, or 15 days; and to Taunton, EXETER, Dawlish, Teignmouth, TORQUAY, PLYMOUTH, &c., for 1, 5, 8, 12, or 15 days; and to OXFORD, Leamington, BIRMINGHAM, Wolverhampton, &c., for 1, 2, 4, or 5 days.

MONDAY, AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY. To READING, Pangbourne, Goring, Wallingford, Farington, &c., for day trip; to Bath, Bristol, &c., for 1, 2, 5, 8, 12, or 15 days; to Weston-super-Mare, &c., for 1, 2, 4, 6, 8, 9, 11, 13, 15, or 16 days; and to Swindon, Cirencester, Stroud, GLOUCESTER, CHELTENHAM, &c., for 1, 4, 8, 11, or 15 days.

MONDAY NIGHT, Aug. 5. To MERTHYR (NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD) for 2 or 3 days.

TUESDAY, Aug. 6. By the NEW ROUTE via PATNEY and WESTBURY. To FROME, Shepton Mallet, Wells, YEOVIL, Bridport, Dorchester, WEYMOUTH, Portland, &c., for 4, 7, 11, or 14 days.

TUESDAY NIGHT, Aug. 6. To MERTHYR (NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD), Newport, and CARDIFF, for 1 or 2 days.

CHEAP DAY THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS are issued DAILY, by certain trains, to WINDSOR (2s. 6d.), BURNHAM BEECHES (3s.), MAIDENHEAD (3s.), MARLOW (3s. 6d.), HENLEY (3s. 6d.), Goring (5s. 6d.), &c.

For particulars of WEEKLY EXCURSIONS to WEST OF ENGLAND, Scilly Islands, WEYMOUTH, CHANNEL ISLANDS, NORTH AND SOUTH WALES, Gloucester, CHELTENHAM, Hereford, Chester, LIVERPOOL, &c., see special pamphlet.

Several through Expresses from and to London will not run on the Bank Holiday, and certain local trains will be discontinued during the Holidays. See special notices.

Tickets, Bills, Pamphlets, and COUNTRY LODGING LISTS obtainable at the Company's Stations and Town Offices.

J. L. WILKINSON, General Manager.

SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Royal Anglo-American Amenities.

King Edward, who has always been so particularly gracious and kind to those fair Americans who have made their home in this country, and who have become British by marriage, received last week a picturesque deputation, namely, that composed of ladies chosen from the Committee of the Hospital-Ship *Maine*, which did such great work during the South African Campaign. Mrs. George Cornwallis-West—who is still better-known to most people under her old name of Lady Randolph Churchill—presented to His Majesty a beautiful gold medal struck in commemoration of the work done by the hospital-ship during

Spitalfields and Coventry weavers are not forgotten, and that Honiton for lace and Dunstable for straw-work will be to the fore.

The Coronation-Robes of Queen Adelaide.

The Coronation-robes of Queen Adelaide, Consort of William IV., which have for long been in safe keeping in Brodie Castle, Morayshire, were recently sent, according to a persistent rumour, for some time to Windsor, at Queen Alexandra's request. The question naturally arises, are Queen Alexandra's Coronation-robes to be fashioned on the lines of Queen Adelaide's? The robes are of black velvet, with wing sleeves, edged with gold trimming. Queen Adelaide had presented them to the Duchess of Gordon, who was then Mistress of the Robes, she being a Miss Brodie of Brodie before she married the then Lord of Huntly.

The Royal Tour. The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York's concluding days in Australasia were as successful and pleasant as has been the rest of their tour, and this in spite of the fact that the *Ophir*, for the first time since her departure from Old England's shores, encountered really bad weather on her way to Perth, compelling the Royal travellers to change their route and take a long railway journey, instead of arriving more pleasantly *via* Fremantle. Their Royal Highnesses, with their usual good-nature and thoughtfulness, decided, in view of the sad disappointment occasioned by the delay in their arrival, to stay a whole day longer; accordingly, many of the thousands who but for this would have had no opportunity of seeing their future Sovereign and his Consort had the pleasure

they longed for. Perth was splendidly decorated, particularly fine being the huge golden arch, representing, of course, the golden industry on which has been built up the prosperity of Western Australia. The arch was decorated with a large golden globe and golden obelisks. Very original, also, was the arch representing the wheat industry; and the Chinese, who form an important element in the population of Perth, had come well to the front with a marvellous Chinese arch composed of literally the colours of the rainbow.

"Glorious Goodwood."

"Glorious Goodwood" is shorn of much of its glories by the absence of the Royal Family—indeed, Royalty is represented this year only by the Grand Duke Michael and the Countess Torby, who are spending the Race Week with Mr. and Mrs. Willie James at West Dean Park. Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Hamilton—the latter, it will be remembered, a granddaughter of the Duke of Cambridge—are also entertaining a small party at Iping House. Goodwood House is, however, practically shut up, and the fact that Lord March is now in South Africa is also greatly deplored, as, even when his venerable father does not care to undergo the fatigue of entertaining a large party at Goodwood House, his eldest son and heir invariably gathers about him a few friends at Molecomb.

The Change in Court Mourning.

Last Wednesday, as was mentioned in *The Sketch* of that date, Court Mourning became much modified by the adoption of coloured ribbons and flowers and white and grey dresses. The general public has more or less followed the Court this spring and summer, and it was interesting to note on Thursday and Friday the number of coloured dresses which suddenly made their appearance, not a few, it must be confessed, of last year's cut.



GOODWOOD HOUSE, ONE OF THE SEATS OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

the years 1899-1901, for it will be remembered that, after performing yeoman service in connection with the Transvaal Campaign, the *Maine* proceeded on an errand of mercy to China, where she was welcomed with even more enthusiasm than in South African waters, for, up to the time of her going there, no such thing as a proper hospital-ship had ever been seen off the Chinese coast.

The King's New Walking-Stick.

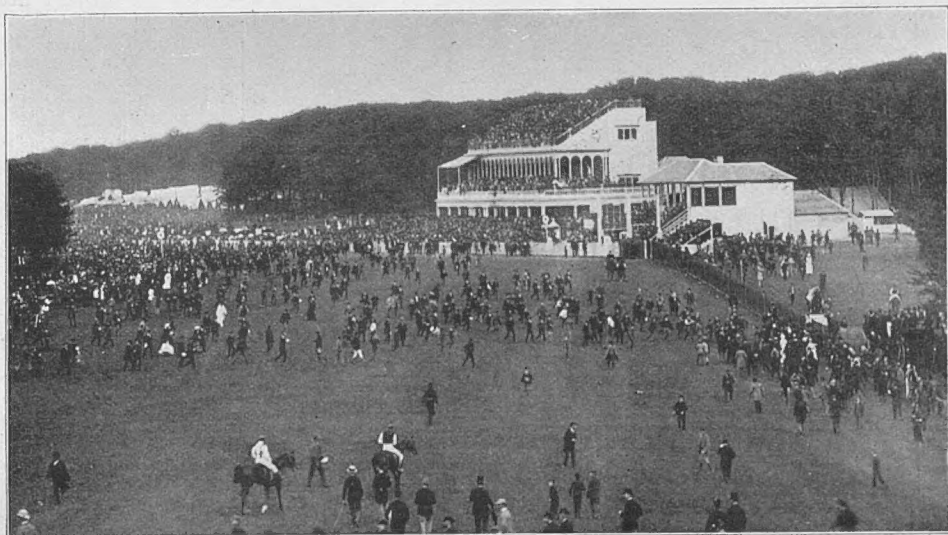
The King, like all Royal personages, and, above all, like all European Sovereigns, has a remarkable collection of walking-sticks; but we may be sure that none, however intrinsically valuable, will in future be more prized by him than the original gift from Sir George Dibbs which is now being brought from Sydney by Lord Jersey. Sir George, a notable New South Wales statesman, occupies his leisure hours in carving and turning, and the King's new walking-stick was fashioned by his own hands from a fine piece of the rare and iron-hard Ringgidgi-wood. The only ornamentation, save the natural grain of the wood, is a plain gold band, on which are deeply engraved the words, "The King, God bless him!" Apropos of the King's collection of walking-sticks, the Sovereign sets a good example in this matter as in so many others; the cane usually carried by him is studiously simple and devoid of any elaborate ornamentation. He is, however, fond of giving walking-sticks to his friends, and these Royal gifts are invariably far more costly than anything ever used by himself.

One of the King's Improvements.

One of the innovations introduced by His Majesty the King is the revision, day by day, of the Visitors' Book. In the time of good and great Queen Victoria, almost any person with sufficient assurance could call at one of the Royal Palaces and inscribe his or her name in the volume in charge of the porter. At Marlborough House this custom was also at one time prevalent. But of late years a very different rule has been in vogue, mainly because certain nameless individuals inscribed their signatures in the book. I say "nameless" because, practically, so they were. Now that the Prince of Wales has become King, he has taken good care that these indiscretions shall not be repeated. Only callers known to the Household officials are permitted to write their names in the book.

The Coronation and French Trade.

The King's coming Coronation is doing good not only in England but in France. I have it on the best authority that the ceremony has caused such orders for silk and velvet at Lyons that the wages of artisans in that city have risen twenty-five per cent. This is a curious fact, inasmuch as the working classes of Lyons are mainly Socialists. At the beginning of the last century they were generally Royalists, and in that capacity murdered Marshal Brune, the god-father of the elder Dumas. Now that they are Republicans of the baser sort, they are profiting by a monarchical institution. At the same time, I am glad to know that our own



GOODWOOD: THE GRAND STAND.

"Earl Cromer." Lord Cromer, who is at present in England on his annual holiday, has just been given a higher step in the Peerage. On Wednesday last it was announced that His Majesty had been graciously pleased to advance our distinguished Agent-General in Egypt to the dignity of an Earldom, and I feel sure this addition to the style and titles of Lord Cromer will be received with universal

approbation throughout the Empire. Lord Cromer's services to Egypt began nearly a quarter of a century ago, and what he has achieved in that time can be fully appreciated only by those who have beheld on the spot the wonderful results of his untiring labours. His work has often had to be done in the midst of great difficulties, but he has kept steadily on his way, discharging his high duties faithfully and well. The new honour is thoroughly well deserved.



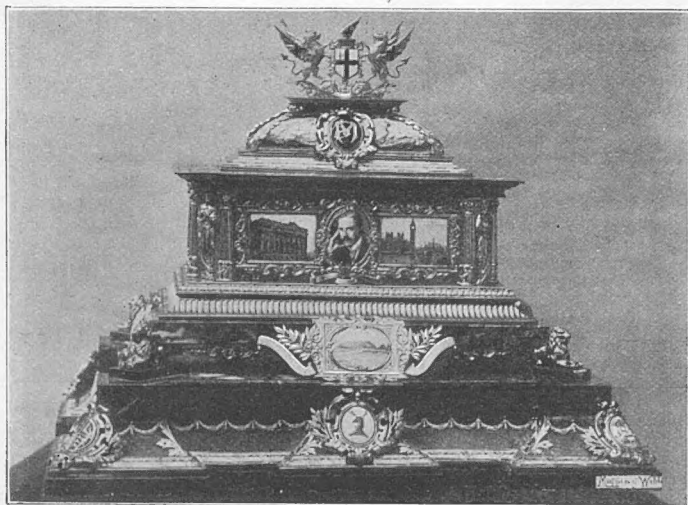
EARL CROMER, WHO HAS JUST BEEN RAISED A STEP IN THE PEERAGE BY HIS MAJESTY.

Photo by Heyman and Co., Cairo.

Major-General Hemming, have been carried out between that station and Salisbury Plain. One feature of the work has been the employment of mechanical transport, and it is enough to make almost any cavalryman of the old school squirm to think that the scheme was directed day by day from a motor-car! Such, however, was the fact, and General Sir Redvers Buller, who "looked on" at the operations, has also set up an automobile and is very delighted with the experiment.

The Duke of Connaught's Soldier-Son. Prince Arthur of Connaught was unable to be out with his regiment, the 7th Hussars, for the short manœuvre period, as a couple of days before this commenced he was ordered to Hythe, where he has joined a class of officers who have assembled from different parts of the country for the "long" course at the School of Musketry. Prince Arthur is one of the ablest young officers ever sent to Hythe.

Lord Milner and the City. In the congenial company of the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Goschen, Mr. Chamberlain, and other Ministerial and civic magnates, Lord Milner visited the Guildhall on the 23rd inst. to receive the City of London's gracious gift, its Scroll of Freedom in a gold casket. It was an occasion honourable to the Corporation and gratifying to the Government. For the Lord Mayor, expressing the opinion of the great majority of citizens, lifted his singularly resonant voice in hearty laudation of Lord Milner's Imperial services in South Africa; and the proud recipient of civic honours once again thoroughly indorsed the policy of the Ministry in directing Lord Kitchener to continue military operations with vigour against the scattered bands of Boers. The Lord Mayor afterwards entertained his guests at a Mansion House luncheon. "B.-P." should be the next to be welcomed by the City of London.



CASKET PRESENTED WITH THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON TO LORD MILNER

The Civic Casket. The casket presented by the Lord Mayor with the Freedom of the City of London to Lord Milner is of eighteen-carat gold and in the Renaissance style, having octagonal ends with niches which contain figures representing the City of London, Fame, Justice, and Learning. The obverse of the box is richly panelled in repoussé, containing in the centre an enamelled miniature of Lord Milner, and round the body are six representative views of the City of London. The base of the casket is of green marble, supported at each corner by the British Lion, and in the centre of obverse, resting upon the base, is a view in enamel of Table Bay and Cape Town. At the ends of the base are maps representing South Africa in 1899 and 1901. The decorations of the lid comprise various designs indicative of Lord Milner's many public services, and a finely wrought escutcheon bearing the initial "M" in diamonds. The casket, which is a very beautiful production, was designed and manufactured by the Royal Silversmiths, Mappin and Webb, Limited, of 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and 158-162, Oxford Street, London, W.

Lady Victoria Grey's Wedding. Seldom has such a distinguished company assembled together as graced the wedding of the Lady Victoria Grey, eldest daughter of Earl Grey, and Mr. Arthur Grenfell, son of the late Mr. Pascoe Grenfell, of Wilton Park, Bucks, which was solemnised at St. George's, Hanover Square, on Tuesday, the 23rd inst. The church was completely filled, among those present being the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland and Earl Percy, the Duchess of St. Albans, Sir Francis Grenfell, Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Harcourt, the Duchess of Buccleuch, and Lady Constance Scott, the Duchess of Somerset, Lord and Lady Winchester, Lady Carrington, Lady Dundonald and her daughter, Lady Grizel Cochrane, Lord and Lady Morley, Lord Halifax, Lord Villiers, Lady Inchiquin, Lady Spencer, and the bride's



Photo by Lafayette

MR. ARTHUR GRENFELL,



[Photo by Alice Hughes]

LADY VICTORIA GREY,

WHO WERE MARRIED ON TUESDAY, JULY 23, AT ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, HANOVER SQUARE, W.

uncle, Captain Holford (Equerry to the King). The bride, who was led up the aisle by her father, was attired in a lovely wedding-dress of white chiffon, the long Court-train being composed of valuable old Brussels lace, and her ornaments were a diamond and pearl "Bow" brooch (the gift of her parents), and a pearl necklace (the bridegroom's gift). She was followed by nine charmingly gowned bridesmaids—the Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey (her sisters), Lady Mary Parker, Lady Alexandra Beauclerk, Miss Dawnay, Miss Stanley, Miss Daisy Benson, and the Misses Rosie and Diana Bulteel, who wore pretty dresses of mauve figured China silk veiled with white chiffon, and large white hats trimmed with white plumes, while their bouquets were of mauvesweet-peas. The nuptial rite was performed by the Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, and Canon Fleming gave the newly wedded couple a most impressive address. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the Countess Grey held a large and brilliant reception at Dorchester House, Park Lane (lent by Captain Holford, the bride's uncle), and, early in the afternoon, Mr. and Lady Victoria Grenfell left for Buckhurst, Sussex, for their honeymoon.

The King Sends a Wedding-Present. Lady Victoria received nearly four hundred beautiful and costly wedding-gifts, including, from His Majesty the King, a pearl and turquoise brooch forming the late Queen's cypher, "V.R.I.," surmounted by a Royal Crown in red enamel, and a beautifully fine Cashmere shawl. The bridegroom gave her a diamond tiara and a pearl necklace, while her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Benson, sent another lovely tiara of pearls and diamonds. Captain Holford gave his niece a magnificent diamond and ruby sun, Lord and Lady Burton sent a pair of quaint China mappies, Mr. and Mrs. Choate a case of twelve little gold tea-spoons, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch a large diamond and pearl spray brooch, while a brooch composed of a large topaz set round with diamonds came from Lord and Lady Rothschild. Lord and Lady Lansdowne's present was a silver salver. The Dowager-Duchess of Westminster gave a unique brooch-pencil of gold set with turquoises, and Lord Halifax four tall silver candlesticks.

Lord Rosebery and the Peers.

The Peers have been active recently, and Lord Rosebery has brightened debate by more than one speech. He is the only Peer on the Opposition benches who can rival the Prime Minister with his own oratorical weapons, and a debate is not complete without his appearance. From the Government bench the eye travels to the corner seat near the bar on the other side. There is always the prospect of interesting controversy when Lord Rosebery, habitually dressed in unrelieved black, sits in that corner. He makes full use of his independence, refusing to guide his own action by the leadership of his former colleagues, but he is apparently on cordial terms with the principal Peers on both sides. It has usually been found difficult for a statesman when he separates from colleagues to remain in friendship with them. Lord Rosebery's personal charm, however, conquers all but the most obdurate.



COUNTRESS RUSSELL (MABEL EDITH SCOTT).

Photo by Langflet, Old Bond Street, W.

Spencer and Lord Tweedmouth. Illness has deprived them of the services of the Earl of Kimberley, and advancing age abates the ardour of the Marquis of Ripon, one of the most experienced veterans of the political world. Earl Spencer is a picturesque Peer, tall and stately, with long red beard turning grey. Some day he may be the figure-head of a Cabinet. Lord Tweedmouth is one of the most energetic and ambitious men in the political world, not profound, but shrewd and capable. It is supposed that he knows everybody and everything connected with the Parliamentary game. He was a masterful Whip in the House of Commons, and sometimes even nowadays he tries to enforce discipline. His frankness is equal to his courage. With a smile such as he practised in the House of Commons, he rebuked Lord Rosebery the other day for criticising everybody else and at the same time concealing his own inner mind. It is to be hoped that soon the noble lord will give his "inner mind" to the Peers and the country.

The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour.

The Right Hon. Arthur James Balfour, who celebrated the fifty-third anniversary of his birth on July 25, succeeded to Whittingehame before he attained his ninth birthday. Educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, Mr. Balfour has during his political career, which covers a period of well-nigh thirty years, been the recipient of numerous academic honours; he has been Lord Rector of St. Andrews and of Glasgow Universities, and he holds the office of Chancellor of Edinburgh University. Mr. Balfour has sat for sixteen years for the Eastern Division of Manchester. The first edition of his famous essay, "A Defence of Philosophic Doubt," appeared in 1879. Studious as the urbane and popular Leader of the House of Commons is, Mr. Balfour is at the same time a lover of out-of-door life; he is equally enthusiastic as cyclist and motorist, and, as everybody knows, is an ardent golfer.

Honours for Lord Chesham.

Lord Chesham, who has now held for some time the responsible position of Inspector-General of Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa, and who, it will be remembered, lost his gallant son and heir early in the War, has received a splendid welcome from both his King and Country—indeed, the county reception-luncheon, which was to have taken place at Buckingham last Thursday (25th), had to be postponed owing to the fact that the Sovereign had fixed that day to confer on Lord Chesham the Order of the Bath. Very interesting, and in some ways unique, was the gathering also held in his honour the Monday previously at Londonderry House; only men were invited, and among those present were—to mention but a few of those who have also seen something of active service in South Africa—the Duke of Teck, the Duke of Westminster, Lord Valentia, Lord Downe, Lord Longford, Colonel Paget, and last, not least, Lord Roberts. Several statesmen, including Mr. Walter Long and Mr. George Wyndham, managed to escape from their Parliamentary labours sufficiently long to take part in the banquet.

Blenheim en Fête. The Duke of Marlborough and his charming American Duchess will give one of the largest house-parties ever entertained at Blenheim during the second week in August, in honour of the great Unionist gathering which will take place

in the park on Saturday week—that is, the 10th August. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain will both make speeches, and it is expected that an immense number of townspeople from Oxford will make a point of spending a long and happy day under the shadow of the stately mansion situated so close to the University town. The young mistress of Blenheim, notwithstanding her foreign birth and youth, is exceedingly interested in political matters, and it is said that she is very ambitious to see her husband play a prominent part in the political history of his country. The Churchills have inherent in their characters certain statesmanlike qualities, and the Duke, though less prominent in that connection than is his brilliant cousin, Mr. Winston Churchill, is known by his friends to keep well in touch with the great Party to which he early elected to belong.

Lady Annesley.

Lady Annesley takes rank among the most enthusiastic of yachswomen. Indeed, she is devoted to all forms of outdoor life. She was one of the first among the younger generation to learn golf, and she is President of the County Down Golf Club. Near her home, beautiful Castlewellsan, she is best known for her liking for the gentle art practised so successfully by Izaak Walton, and she and Lord Annesley spend many hours of their leisure on the banks of the fine lake which is the principal glory of the estate and which has recently been re-stocked with trout. Once Miss Armytage Moore, Lady Annesley bears the quaint, old-fashioned name of Priscilla. She is Lord Annesley's second wife, and is the kindest of step-mothers to her step-son, Lord Glerawly. She is herself the mother of two little girls, the Ladies Clare and Constance, and they are becoming as fond of the sea as she is herself.

The Marchioness of Downshire.

The beautiful Marchioness of Downshire is perhaps the loveliest of the latter-day group of Irish beauties, and she has the more claim to be so considered inasmuch as she is really Irish, for she is a niece of Lord Listowel and

has lived almost the whole of her life in the Emerald Isle. Though she is often seen in town, Lady Downshire is never happier than when staying in one or other of her husband's beautiful Irish homes, Hillsborough Castle and Murlough, both situated in County Down. Lady Downshire has three children, two sons and a daughter—Lord Hillsborough, who celebrated his seventh birthday last April; Lord Arthur Hill (named, of course, after his well-known uncle), who is a year younger; and Lady Kathleen Hill, who is just three years old.

By a curious coincidence, the Countess Russell's only sister, Miss Lena Mary Scott, married, some three years before occurred the disastrous alliance which culminated as we all know the other day, Mr. Richard Russell, of Wilmington Hall, Kent. The two brothers-in-law are in no sense related, though the fact of their having the same name has often caused confusion. Mrs. "Dick" Russell is a very pretty, clever woman; she has remained her sister's faithful friend, and they are often seen together on the river near Maidenhead.



MRS. "DICK" RUSSELL, SISTER TO COUNTRESS RUSSELL.

Photo by Lafayette, London and Dublin.

An artist long associated with *Fun*, from the days of Tom Hood, Matt Stretch, now draws the cartoon for my lively contemporary, which has been enlarged since it has come into Mr. Charles Shurey's hands.

*The King to Visit
Glasgow
Exhibition.*

Lord-Provost Chisholm of Glasgow has said that when His Majesty comes to Glasgow in the autumn he will see right in front of him that magnificent pile of buildings the foundation-stone of which he himself laid several years ago. The allusion is to the new University buildings at Gilmorehill, the foundation-stone of which, as Prince of Wales, he laid during his first visit to Glasgow, in 1871. On the same occasion he was presented with the Freedom of the City, which he visited again in 1876, and also in 1888, when he opened the first Exhibition,



MOLESEY REGATTA: HAMPTON CHURCH IN THE BACKGROUND.

and the Prince and Princess were the guests of Lord Hamilton at Dalzell House. Lord-Provost Chisholm was further of opinion that His Majesty would find in the Exhibition what would make it quite worth while his coming to Glasgow to see. Some three and three-quarters of a million of people are evidently of the opinion that the Exhibition is worth seeing.

*The "Leeds
Mercury" and its
Editor.*

The purchase by one of the Harmsworth brothers—Mr. Leicester Harmsworth, M.P.—of the *Leeds Mercury*, the old and influential Liberal journal which has been in the justly respected Baines family for a century, is an event of significance from several points of view. Mr. Thomas Riach, the present Editor of the *Mercury*, has the distinction of being the last controller of the paper under the old régime. Joining the reporting staff under Sir Wemyss Reid in 1874, Mr. Riach six years later was promoted to the Press Gallery of the House of Commons as Parliamentary Representative of the *Mercury*. This post he held till 1887, when he was appointed Assistant-Editor, and in 1897, on the death of Mr. William Mackie, Mr. Riach was made Editor-in-Chief. Educated at Elgin Academy, Mr. Riach began his journalistic career in the office of the *Elgin Courier*, and is one of a considerable number of successful journalists who are natives of the little northern city.

*Mr. Andrew
Carnegie at it
Again.*

I hear that Mr. James Bertram, the young man who acts as Secretary to Mr. Andrew Carnegie, has a hard time of it, for the multi-millionaire's correspondence is colossal, and he is most painstaking in the allocation of his gifts to see that they stimulate instead of drying up local effort and charity. He is as careful as when master of the Carnegie works to see that all money given away shall bring in the return which should be expected if so expended. San Francisco is the latest American town to share his munificence, in the offer of 850,000 dollars for the purpose of building a Free Library. Small gifts are continually dropping from his hand for church-organs and suchlike. Evidently Mr. Carnegie's motto is to help people to help themselves.

*To Command in
China.*

Though Sir Arthur Gaselee has left China on his way to England, a considerable British-Indian Force will remain to watch events in the Celestial Kingdom, and this will be under the command of Major-General O'Moore Creagh, V.C., C.B., who will have as his Chief of Staff Colonel O'Sullivan,

of the Royal Engineers (a snapshot of whom recently appeared in the pages of *The Sketch*). Major-General Creagh is an Irishman from County Clare, but his first military service was with the old 95th—the 2nd Battalion of General Smith-Dorrien's famous Derbyshires, otherwise "The Sherwood Foresters." However, he was soon transferred to the Indian Staff Corps, and, besides holding various important Staff positions, he so distinguished himself in the Afghan War of 1879-80 that he was awarded the Victoria Cross. Colonel Gerald H. W. O'Sullivan is also a redoubtable warrior, for, in addition to the decoration for the Afghan Campaign, in which his Chief distinguished himself, he has the Chitral Medal and that for the North-West Campaign of 1897-8 with two clasps. He was twice mentioned in despatches for the latter campaign and promoted. Major-General G. L. R. Richardson, C.B., who will command at Shanghai, is also an Afghan warrior and a veteran of many campaigns, so, altogether, our interests in China appear to be in safe keeping.

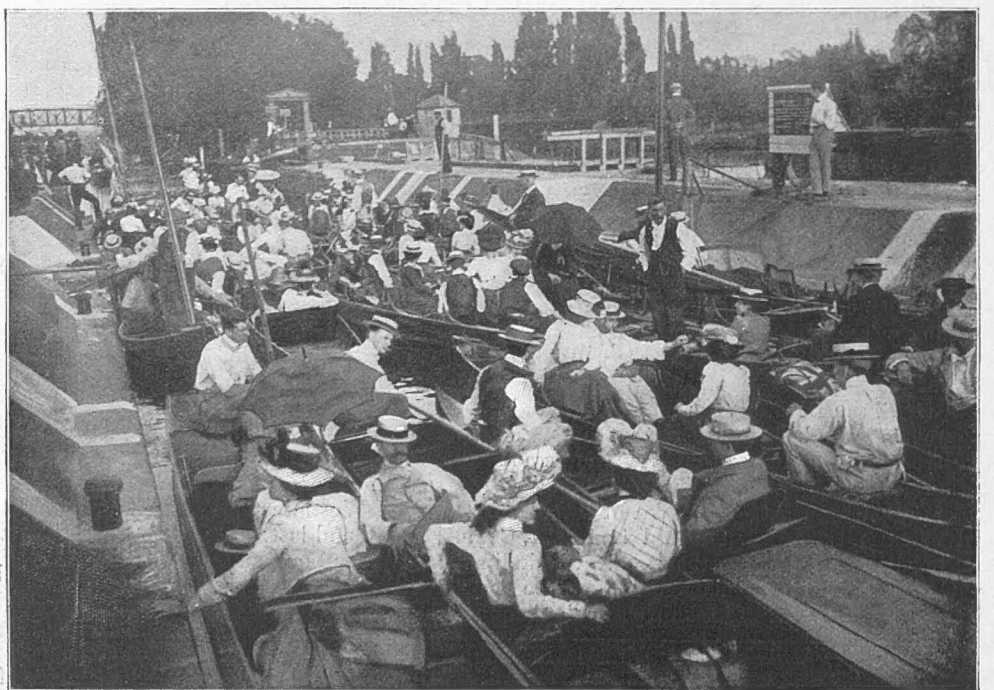
*Our Indian
Soldiers in China.*

Since, owing to the reduction of the Forces in China, but a comparatively small body of our troops will remain in the Celestial Kingdom, it is pleasant to learn that, despite exaggerated accounts of international dissensions, our splendid Indian troops were the admiration of all the foreign officers, the Germans in particular expressing a very high opinion of their discipline and smartness. It was the general opinion, however, that the regiments sent to China were picked men, and it says much for their quality that it was almost impossible to convince our foreign friends to the contrary. The British officers, too, were estimated highly, and a smart German critic said of them, "With such officers to lead them, they (the Indian soldiers) could not fail to be good." Sir Alfred Gaselee earned high encomiums for his ability and tact. On the other hand, Count von Waldersee is pronounced by British officers who were in a position to judge fairly to be a splendid soldier and a first-class administrator. He earned the confidence of all,

and the members of his staff were courteous and kindly in a marked degree to those British officers who had dealings with them.

Molesey Regatta.

Molesey Regatta, pictures of which by one of my numerous strolling photographic artists are given on this page, took place on Friday and Saturday last. Never to have been at Molesey during the regatta is to have missed one of the pleasantest of river fêtes that it is possible to imagine. It is not, of course, such a big affair as Henley, but the crowd is as gay, the dresses as charming, the ladies as delightful, the band as entrancing, and the racing as keen as the most exacting river-goer could possibly desire. The great thing, of course, is to find your way on to the charming lawn of Garrick Villa, where the prizes are laid out for inspection and the great genius of Stratford-on-Avon looks down from his pedestal with that philosophic Shaksperian smile that our American cousins find so entirely irresistible. A capital "Celebrity at Home" article, by the way, appears in this week's *World* on Mr. C. W. Kent, a famous veteran oarsman, who is very rightly described as the present guiding spirit of Molesey Regatta.



PLEASURE AT THE HELM: TEDDINGTON LOCK ON SUNDAY.

*Last Smart
Wedding of the
Season.*

One of the last smart weddings of the Season was solemnised at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, last Saturday afternoon, when Mr. William Worthington, the wealthy brewer, led to the altar the Lady Muriel Finch, the younger daughter of the Earl of Aylesford, who is but twenty years of age. A good many Society leaders stayed specially in



LADY MURIEL FINCH, DAUGHTER OF
THE EARL OF AYLESFORD,



MR. WILLIAM WORTHINGTON, THE
WEALTHY BREWER,

WHO WERE MARRIED ON SATURDAY LAST AT ST. PETER'S CHURCH,
EATON SQUARE, S.W.

From Photographs by Barnett, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.

town for the function, so there was a fashionable gathering at the church. The Rev. Canon Waller and the Rev. J. Worthington, the bridegroom's cousin, between them tied the nuptial knot. The Earl of Aylesford gave his daughter away, and she was greatly admired in her wedding-robe of soft white crêpe-de-Chine trimmed with chiffon leaves and lace. Her five bridesmaids wore frocks of soft white satin covered with mousseline-de-soie and having sleeves and yokes of lace; their hats were also of lace, and were adorned with black velvet bows and lined with pale-pink tulle. Mr. Wilfrid Arkwright was the best man. The reception held after the wedding at 36, Hertford Street, Mayfair, was restricted to the relations of both families only, and early in the afternoon Mr. and Lady Muriel Worthington left for The Bury, Leamington (the residence of the Dowager-Countess of Aylesford), where they will spend the honeymoon. The presents were most numerous and included some costly articles of jewellery.

*Weymouth: How
to Get There and
Where to Stay.*

The new line which has recently been opened for through express services shortens considerably the route to Weymouth and the Wiltshire and Dorsetshire districts. It leaves the old Berks and Hants extension line between Woodborough and Devizes, near the 81 $\frac{3}{4}$ -mile post from London, and joins the old Weymouth main line at Westbury. It is 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles in length, and reduces the distance between London and Weymouth, compared with the route *via* Chippenham, by 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles. A service of express trains, with lavatory accommodation for all classes, has been established between Paddington, Reading, Yeovil, Dorchester, and Weymouth. These leave Paddington at 9.35 a.m., 12.35 and 5.10 p.m., and reach Weymouth at 1.35, 4.15, and 9.5 p.m. respectively. Return trains leave Weymouth at 9 a.m., 1.10 and 4.35 p.m., arriving at Paddington at 12.45, 4.50, and 8.20 p.m., the quickest train in each direction covering the distance of 154 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles in 3 hours 40 min., and saving about three-quarters of an hour on the journey. Quite one of the best hotels in Weymouth is the Gloucester, under the experienced management and proprietorship of Mr. Alfred Middleton, still and for so many years known as the proprietor of the Clifton Hotel

in the same town. Mr. Middleton has just had the Gloucester handsomely re-decorated, and it has also been re-furnished in charming taste by Messrs. Oetzmann and Co., of Hampstead Road, who may always be counted upon to treat hotels in an artistic as well as a practical spirit.

*The Winner of the
King's Prize at
Bisley.*

Corporal Ommundsen, of the Queen's Edinburgh Rifle Volunteers, the winner of the King's Prize at Bisley, is only twenty-four years of age, and is employed in a well-known legal firm, Messrs. J. and F. Anderson, Writers to the Signet, Edinburgh. He is of Scandinavian origin, but was born in Scotland, where his father carried on the business of a ship-broker at Bo'ness, on the Firth of Forth, for many years. Corporal Ommundsen joined the 5th V.B. the Royal Scots (Leith) and took a keen interest in shooting, carrying off many prizes year after year at competitions. Two years ago he won the St. George's Vase and Caledonian Shield, and last year at Bisley he carried off the Grand Aggregate and several other prizes. A year ago



MADAME LILLIAN NORDICA AS ISOLDE.

MADAME NORDICA WILL ENACT ISOLDE AT THE OPENING OF THE BAYREUTH FESTIVAL AND ALSO AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW ROYAL OPERA HOUSE AT MUNICH NEXT MONTH.

Photo by Dupont, New York.

Corporal Ommundsen left the Leith corps, and was transferred to the Queen's Edinburgh. He is a fine billiard and whist player, and with his partner won the Championship of the Borderers' Union Whist Club, as well as carrying off the Pairs Championship of Edinburgh. Everyone sympathises deeply with young Ommundsen in the sudden bereavement he experienced in the death of his father (who had been very ill) on the morrow of his Bisley victory.



WEYMOUTH, ONE OF THE MOST CHARMING SEASIDE RESORTS ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY SYSTEM.

Arthur Mold.

Born in 1865, Arthur Mold, after a brief spell with Northamptonshire, qualified for Lancashire in 1889, since which time he has rendered exceedingly valuable service, of which that county and the public showed full appreciation last year, when he took nearly a hundred wickets for about fourteen runs apiece. Just recently, Mold's name has been brought into very prominent notice by the action of Phillips, the umpire, in no-balling the Lancashire fast bowler, who will, perhaps, not regret the circumstance if a more satisfactory state of things with regard to the law relating to bowlers is the outcome.

The Somersetshire Team.

While the glory attaching to County Cricket Championship still rests with Yorkshire, that of standing alone as conquerors of the Champions during the season of 1900 and the present one belongs to the Somerset team, whose portraits are given on this page. It is somewhat



MOLD, THE FAMOUS LANCASHIRE BOWLER NO-BALLED BY PHILLIPS.

Photo by Foster (late Hawkins and Co.), Preston Street, Brighton.

singular that this should be so, as Somerset, though a thoroughly sporting side, won but four matches in the County Championship last season, and so far (July 26) their victories this season number but three. In Mr. S. M. J. Woods the Western County possesses a Captain full of grit, as his success at both cricket and football has frequently shown. He is a fearless batsman, and on his day a destructive fast bowler. Mr. L. C. H. Palaret is one of the best of batsmen, Mr. A. E. Newton a wicket-keeper of excellence, and it is somewhat difficult to understand, with these and others of marked ability, including such bowlers as Braund and Cranfield, why success is not theirs in a greater degree.

The New Royal Yacht.

The new Royal Yacht, in spite of rumours to the contrary, differs very essentially from the old *Victoria and Albert*, on which the late Sovereign and her family took so many happy journeys. King Edward and Queen Alexandra have naturally followed their own tastes as regards the internal arrangements and decorations of their floating palace. Indeed, the new yacht recalls, as regards the scheme of colouring carried out in their Majesties' state-rooms, the royal cabins on the *Ophir*. There is a great deal of white panelling outlined with gold, and the Queen's suite is upholstered in a bright, cheerful-looking chintz. No attempt has been made to rival the Russian Imperial Yacht as regards luxury. Everything is simple, in good taste, and thoroughly suited to the purpose for which it is intended. Queen Alexandra is not as devoted to sitting out in the open air as was Queen Victoria, and accordingly the saloon on the main-deck has been fitted up to serve as a drawing-room, and a good selection of books and magazines has also been provided. The figure-head consists of a huge gilt dolphin, and the rose, shamrock, and thistle have been very cleverly introduced even into the outside moulding and decoration of the vessel.

"Chicot."

The Sketch might aptly paraphrase by saying "Chicot! Chicot! Bound to drive off melancholy!" A cheery modern Touchstone, a bright young philosopher with a light pen as lance, "Chicot" tilts at social follies in so kindly a fashion in each week's *Sketch*, with the genial and material assistance of Tom Browne as Artist, that it was almost inevitable an enterprising publisher should come forward to re-issue the "Chicot Papers" in book form. Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith, of Bristol, is the publisher in question. He has reproduced the amiable Jester's articles and Tom Browne's gems of drawings in an attractive shilling volume, to which *The Sketch* wishes Godspeed.

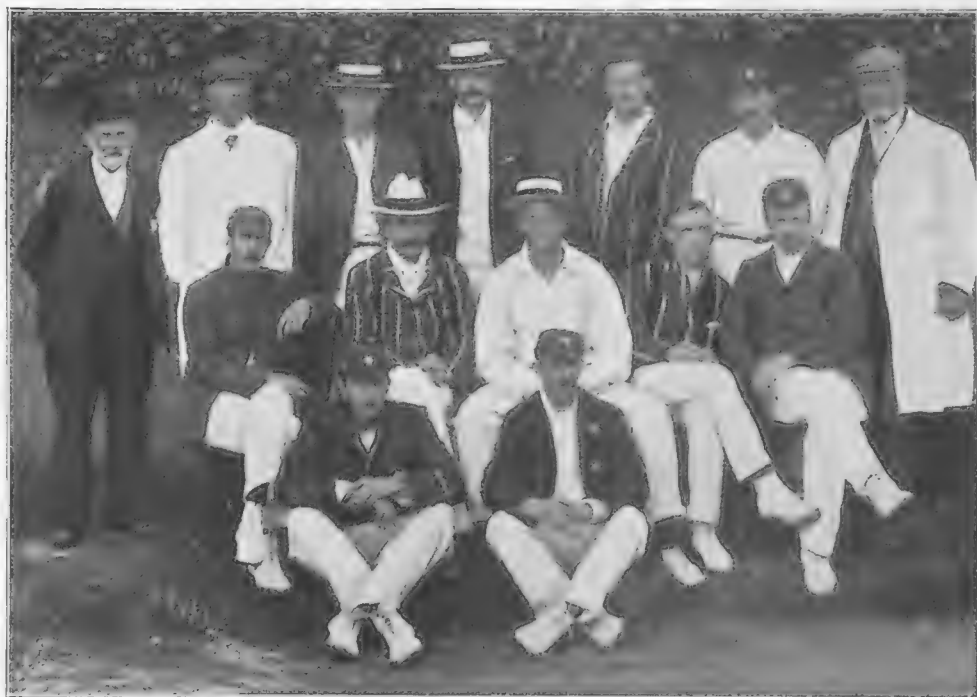
General Sir Henry Thuillier, Colonel-Commandant of the Royal Artillery, who has just completed his eighty-eighth year, is one of the fast-diminishing survivors of the John Company régime.

Still hale and alert, with sight and hearing unimpaired, the gallant General is proof-positive that a stay of nearly half-a-century in India on arduous survey duty is not necessarily unhealthy. Like the famous "Bobs," General Thuillier received his military education at Addiscombe and afterwards joined the Bengal Artillery. He is said to have been one of the youngest-looking veterans present at the recent Addiscombe Dinner, and this despite the fact that it is some seventy years since he started his military career. Born in Bath, he was the youngest son of John Pierre Thuillier, Baron de Malapert, of France.

It is curious to note that General Thuillier's eldest son—Sir Henry Ravenshaw Thuillier, K.C.I.E.—is also a retired Indian officer, and, like his father, was educated at Addiscombe; but he joined the Bengal "Sappers" instead of the "Gunnery." Both father and son distinguished themselves in the Indian Survey Department, and eventually became Surveyors-General of our Eastern Dependency. While the elder Sir Henry retired in 1878, the younger ceased his active connection with India and the Army some six years ago, though his interest in his profession is still as keen as ever.



Kelway (scorer). West (umpire). Gill. Lewis. Tyler. Robson. Mycroft (umpire).
R. C. N. Palaret. L. C. H. Palaret. S. M. J. Woods. C. A. Bernard. Rev. A. P. Wickham.



Braund.

Cranfield.

THE SOMERSET CRICKET TEAM, 1901: THE ONLY COUNTY THAT HAS, UP TO THE PRESENT, BEATEN YORKSHIRE.

Photo by Foster (late Hawkins and Co.), Preston Street, Brighton.

*M. Loubet's
Gift-Horses.*

They say M. Loubet receives a present every day (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*). This is a low estimate. The boxes and bales and mysterious-looking packages encumber the Elysée, and it is at such a pass that a regular service has had to be appointed to look after the gifts. It would save a lot of trouble if the French Constitution, like



SOUVENIR OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF PORTUGAL'S VISIT TO MADEIRA:
THE ROYAL PARTY LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL.

that of the United States, forbade their acceptance, for nearly all are returned to the donors with thanks. They are of all conceivable objects. One day it is a pair of embroidered slippers, and another day it is an embroidered night-cap. Then come cases of liqueurs, of wines, of cigars. The pictures, statuettes, door-mats, are countless. The books with authors' dedications fill three rooms of the palace. Among the gifts the President has kept is a walking-stick carved all over with inscriptions, sent him the other day by a shepherd, who carved it with his jack-knife while guarding his sheep on the hills of Auvergne.

Precious Gifts. One of the most valuable gifts M. Loubet has received is the be-jewelled map of France presented by the Emperor of Russia, exhibited in the Paris Exhibition. This, M. Loubet presented to the Museum of the Louvre. The Arab horses and the carpets he received from the Sultan of Morocco he has turned over to the Government. The collection of native arms presented to him by King Menelik M. Loubet has kept by him, and they ornament his private cabinet. When M. Loubet himself has official presents to make, he has recourse to Sèvres or the Gobelins.

*The French
Henley.*

The river-loving world are assured of a dreamland holiday if those interested in founding a Parisian Henley succeed. Supported by the wealthiest and most aristocratic Clubs in France, there seems no reason why in two or three years the French Henley on the Marne should not be a festival such as Venice never dreamed of. Anyone who has scanned the country from the heights of the Plateau de Gravelle, in the Bois de Vincennes, would hardly imagine that under that superb arcade of trees far below is hidden the most beautifully wooded and flowered river in Europe. It is a paradise sheer and absolute. Those most interested in the establishment of Henley's counterpart claim that they could beat the great Thames carnival with gorgeous night-fêtes on the islands, and, as to the more serious side of a regatta, the stretches equal anything on the Thames. I sincerely trust that the scheme will take tangible form.

*A Want of
Enterprise.*

What militates particularly against the scheme is the absence of the houseboat life. At the last Exhibition I was keenly interested in seeing if English boat-builders, who are *facile princeps* in this industry, would make an attempt to popularise this delightful form of floating waterland in France; but, for some reason that did not appeal to me as wisdom, there seemed a disinclination on the part of British builders to take the tide at the flood. But, when the river takes its share in the growing health and nature-loving side of France, I have no doubt that the Thames houseboat-builders will supply many a specimen of their craft for the French Henley.

*French Society
Amusements.* French Society, when in town, has for its unique resource the Puteaux Club. This Club, with twelve hundred members and the Viscount Léon de Janzé for President, is installed on an island in the Seine opposite the

Bois. The island is beautifully spaced out with verdure and flowers, and has a handsome pavilion, with restaurant, and all that a country Club needs. There are grounds for polo, for croquet, and for golf. The Countess de Béarn has her houseboat—one of the few in France—moored here. The island is reached by means of a handsome car which runs on a trolley on the surface of the water. Only those are trolleyed over who have the "open-sesame."

*"Bacchus
Mystifié."*

All French literary and art society will be at Béziers the last week in August for the spectacular plays to be given in the open-air arena. For three days they will give Saint-Saëns' new pantomime-ballet, written for the occasion, "Bacchus Mystifié," with singers from the Paris Grand Opera, and the celebrated danseuse from La Scala, Mlle. Lina Campana. It takes the place of the Cowes Week in England.

Saint-Saëns.

M. Saint-Saëns has come up from the Canary Islands, where he spends the year round, specially for the rehearsals of the "Bacchus Mystifié" and of the "Barbarians." The first is entirely in classic manner, in imitation of Aristophanes. The "Barbarians," whose libretto was written by Zola, puts on scene historical Gaul, and will be the sensational operatic event of the autumn season.

*The Santos-
Dumont No. 4.*

In order to construct his remarkable steering-balloon, M. Santos-Dumont made his experiments on a flying-machine of extraordinary originality. Wishing to lighten the weight, the audacious young man simply suppressed the basket. He sat astride a bicycle-saddle, round which he had grouped the cords and machinery within reach. He started his motor, like a petroleum tricycle, by pedalling. And so he pedalled through space on a saddle.

*Drinks and Dresses
to Match.*

One of the weirdest fashionable combinations that I have ever met with is that of drink and dress. It is now the *dernier cri* that the drink of a lady at the "six o'clock" at Armenonville, the Pavillon Bleu, or the Cascade should match the colour of her dress. Iris is popular for the moment, and a drink that perfectly resembles it in colour has been produced, while the tables at cafés suggest by their myriad colours a butterfly that has broken its wings into twenty pieces and left a morsel for each fair lady. So much the better for Vichy and Homburg when the liver sends in its bill.

*Barristers and
Straw-Hats.*

There was a joy that could have been photographed in the Palais de Justice when the oldest and most esteemed of French barristers walked into the "Coulouirs" in a straw-hat. On the following morning a silk-hat was a novelty, and all of the silk proclaimed him great.

The Boer Pavilion.

Those who visited the Paris Exhibition will remember a cabin hard by the Trocadéro which was said to represent a Boer farm. It was, I should imagine, about the ugliest building in the Exhibition. Therefore, I am very much surprised to hear from a usually extremely well-informed friend that the French Government has decided to preserve it as a permanent memorial. Certainly it is still untouched to-day, while every other building is taking part in the modern Pompeii.



SOUVENIR OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF PORTUGAL'S VISIT TO MADEIRA:
A ROYAL PROCESSION.

From Photographs by Pestana, Funchal.

THE SOCIAL JESTER



A LETTER TO DOLLIE—AT THE SEASIDE.

MY DEAR DOLLIE,—With all the unselfishness that has never, in your mind, been associated with my name, I am pleased to hear that you are having such a good time by the sea. I am rejoiced to know that the hot weather is simply ripping; it delights me to learn that the ozone-laden breezes that fill you with life all the day and fan you to sleep at night are beastly jolly.

For myself, I am caught in the grip of the London summer. My food is the dust of the Strand, my drink is lukewarm water tinctured with various non-alcoholic horrors. Sleep, the deity, has deserted me, and in his place there comes a kind of impish impostor whose very presence is a nightmare and whose absence is a never-ending pattern on the wall. At night, I tear off my clothes impatiently; in the morning, I drag them on again sullenly. I pass my friends with a scowl; I have no strength left wherewith to hate my enemies. Music I am fain to avoid, as exciting; the theatre is ruinous unless you go to see the piece; the Royal Academy and the National Gallery are given over entirely to the keepers of clandestine appointments. Even that hardy rascal, Love, has deserted me at last; I suppose I must have hurt him severely when I threw him out of the window. Exercise is out of the question; it is, if anything, more tiring to walk than to fall into and out of a 'bus. I can only murmur, with the Psalmist, that all my bones are out of joint. And so, dear Dollie, it overwhelms me with pleasure to hear that you are having such a good time by the sea.

Pray do not imagine that I am attempting to be sarcastic at your expense. I never indulge in sarcasm—even with men. I find it so futile. For the bad-tempered man gets angry and the good-tempered man laughs, and you leave off in precisely the same place as you began. With regard to your own enthralling sex, again, I find that the effect of sarcasm is to irritate it vaguely, and you may, therefore, rest assured

that my mental participation in the joy of your present wave-washed, wind-tossed, and sun-browned existence is just as keen as my intellectual attitude is lethargic.

Yet I am not quite correct, after all, in setting down my sympathy as being altogether unselfish. For, to tell the honest truth, it is the mere knowledge of your ideal condition that makes London bearable for me at the present moment. In the morning, for example, when the noise of the traffic and the cries of practically uneducated and

absolutely uncivilised youths beneath my window drive from me the demon of stertorous slumber at the nethermost hour of seven a.m., I turn my pillow for the hundredth time, gaze out at the pitiless blue sky, and

strive, mechanically, to invent some new and original form of oath. But then I catch sight of the withered wisp of seaweed that you sent me, and remember that you, at that very moment, are plunging and splashing in some three or four feet of sparkling salt-water. The very thought of it refreshes me. I scent the ozone; I see the waves shaking their white manes in playful defiance of the sun; I hear the cries of the bathers, the rattle and sweep of the pebbles as they rush into the arms of the cool water, the clatter of the horses' hoofs as the bathing-machines joggle over the beach. And I swallow, in consequence, the immature oathling and approach my uninspiring tub with a brave show of animation.

Breakfast over, I creep into my hat and boots and stagger out upon the work of the day. My way takes me through the Strand, and, with impatiently clenched teeth, I note the sweating horses, the dust-laden pavements, the palpably hot men, and the weary women. But, by a lucky chance, I catch sight of a coloured poster that sets forth, in spite of crude drawing and cruder printing, some of the delights of Something-on-Sea. And then it occurs to me that you have finished your porridge and rolls and coffee and bacon and marmalade, and are sitting on the beach, beneath the shade of the Promenade-wall, listening to the band and cutting the leaves of some happy author's book. And, at the thought, the hot, sordid old Strand vanishes, and I, too, am reading snatches of a brand-new old love-tale and drinking in melodies from the latest-but-one musical comedy.

Thus refreshed, I settle down to my work with some show of cheerfulness, and delete from the proof of my latest article at least half of the bitter things written the day before. This, of course, is rather a waste of expletives, but I can always "stet" them again if I get cross before the page goes to press. In the midst of my work, a rusty-voiced minstrel and his tired-fingered accompanist in the street below start on their daily system of petty blackmailing. Mouthing out literal quotations from the unauthorised edition of the Psalms of David, I rise from my seat and endeavour to save a hard-earned penny by frightening them into the next lane with a series of window-framed grimaces. As they are in the very act of paling, however, something

whispers to me that you, just about that time, will be chuckling over the antics of the niggers on the sand. With an effort, therefore, I gain control over my features, smile genially, tilt a halfpenny over the sill, and resume my work with an air, at any rate, of philosophic calm.

By-and-by, from sheer force of habit, I go to lunch. The men I meet in the Club say stupid things about the excessive heat, and I, not to be outdone in stupidity, agree with them. But, when no one is looking, I hold an empty glass to my ear as one used to hold a shell in childhood's boring days, and persuade myself, as I did then, that I can distinctly hear a sound of combers breaking over the rocks.

And so the long, stifling day throbs itself out; King Sol, weary of abuse, slips over the edge of the world with an angry flush, and peevish London changes its clothes and pretends to dine. Some people, lavish of tears or laughter, go to the theatre; others, husbanding their little stock of vitality, wander off to Earl's Court. But I, clutching still at the wisp of seaweed, sit at my open window and look out across the moonlit river towards the South. From the Embankment Gardens there floats up to me through the night-air a sound of music, and I can see you, at the end of the pier, bringing a happy day to a peaceful conclusion. Beneath your feet the deep, black water swells sluggishly, and gives no sign of the thousand secrets that lie buried in its centuries-old bosom. Behind you the lights of the town shine out; every window is open; every house is gay with song and laughter. Before you, but swallowed up in the soft gloom of the night, vessels of every sort pass to and fro upon their business. And, as you stand there, one little breath of air separates itself from the motherly south wind, plays for a moment in your hair, kisses you lightly on the lips, and then floats on its gentle mission towards London Town. And I, alone at my open window, feel a gentle caress on my face, hear a soft whisper in my ear, and take comfort, as the night grows old, in knowing that I am remembered.



Chicot



MISS LILY HANBURY,

WHO WILL SHORTLY APPEAR WITH MR. LEWIS WALLER AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE IN "A ROYAL RIVAL."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, LONDON AND DUBLIN.

A SUMMER'S DAY IN SHAKSPERE'S LAND.

*From London to Kenilworth—Guy's Cliff and a Theatrical Romance—
Lunch at Warwick—The Leicester Hospital and a Story of
"Bobs"—The Castle—By Road to Stratford-on-Avon—Home with
the Setting of the Sun.*

IT is a Wednesday morning, and we are going to spend the whole of a long summer's day in the enchanted land of Shakspeare. Just for us, the birds are going to sing, the breezes whisper, the flowers give forth their sweet scents. We are going to see the best part of Warwickshire, and Warwickshire at its best.

We start from Euston Station, then, by the 9.15 a.m. train, specially arranged for our benefit by the London and North-Western Railway



SHAKSPERE'S HOUSE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Company. The journey is easy, comfortable, rapid, and in a little over two hours we find ourselves

AT KENILWORTH.

Our great desire, of course, is to see the historic Castle; but, none the less for that, we have time to note and admire the pleasant little town itself, with its characteristic jumble of shops, public buildings, and private residences. And so, driving through the sunny streets and shady roads, suddenly the crumbling but picturesque old pile rises up before us.

Those of us who have a passion for antiquities and an insatiable thirst for historical information will probably just about this time purchase a neat little red guide-book, and proceed to "do" the whole ruin exhaustively and exhaustingly. But the others, content in the assurance that here is the Banqueting Hall, there King Henry VIII.'s Lodgings, and a little further on the Water Tower, will seek out a choice nook on the soft grass beneath the shade of an ivy-clad wall, and ponder, comfortably, on the bad old times of our ancestors.

Very soon, however, the sight-seers return with their hungry cameras snapping for more, and we therefore consent to clamber again on to our coach and bowl away in the direction of Warwick. On the way thither, however, we persuade the driver to stop for a short time, so that we may have a look at that world-famous and beautiful house known as

GUY'S CLIFF.

True, there is nothing very much to be seen here as regards the architecture of the building, but the eye revels in a delightful picture composed of grey old towers, grasses, trees, and foliage in every shade of green, and a fine stretch of smooth, still water in the foreground. And then, if there is one amongst us steeped in theatrical lore, he will tell us the romance of Sarah Kemble, afterwards Sarah Siddons of world-wide renown and honoured memory.

The story is on this wise: In the autumn of 1772 there came to Warwick a theatrical troupe under the management of a certain Roger Kemble. One of the brightest ornaments of the company was Kemble's daughter Sarah, who, after the manner of ladies of "sweet seventeen," had bestowed her affections more freely than her father considered desirable upon a fellow-actor named William Siddons. Lady Mary Greatheed, the "grande dame" of Guy's Cliff, happening to see Miss Kemble perform, conceived a fancy for her, and offered her a situation as lady's-maid. The father, little dreaming what the future had in store, saw in the offer not only the prospect of a settled and comfortable home for his daughter, but a welcome opportunity of separating her from the objectionable Siddons. Sarah came to Guy's Cliff, stayed some months, and—married Mr. Siddons at Coventry in the following November!

The great tragédienne was in subsequent years a frequent and welcome guest in the house where she had previously served, and more than once led off the fashionable dances in the Royal Assembly Rooms at Leamington with her former master, Mr. Bertie Greatheed. Mr. Greatheed wrote a play, "The Regent," in her honour, in which she appeared at Drury Lane Theatre.

There! Now, if the ladies can tear themselves away from the scene of so charming a romance, we will get along to a still more celebrated and

STILL MORE INTERESTING PLACE, NAMELY, WARWICK.

The first thing we do at Warwick—for even in Shakspeare's Land one is only human—is to get some lunch. After this, we pass in review the gates of the town, St. Mary's Church, and the Leicester Hospital. It may even happen that the young and active members of the party will climb the tower of St. Mary's Church and so obtain a splendid view of the undulating, well-wooded country for miles in every direction.

Lord Leicester's Hospital, by the way, is a quaint almshouse given and endowed by Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, of Kenilworth celebrity, for the use of old soldiers wounded whilst fighting their country's battles. In this connection, the present writer remembers witnessing an interesting little scene that took place in front of the Hospital. The King, then Prince of Wales, happened to be at Warwick reviewing the Yeomanry, and with him was the one and only "Bobs." After the review, the Royal procession passed by the Leicester Hospital, in front of which the old pensioners, their eyes alight and their chests swelling at the sound of the band and the jingle and tramp of the horses, were drawn up. Lord Roberts, looking at them with a keen and loving eye, suddenly recognised

A COMRADE OF SOME HALF-FORGOTTEN CAMPAIGN,

stopped his horse, grasped the delighted old fellow by the hand, and told him how glad he was to see him again and to find him so well and hearty. And the crowd, looking on at the touching sight, forgot to cheer in their respect and love for the great little man who remembered his lowly friends.

However, this won't do! All the party is waiting, and we haven't seen the Castle yet! So come along in this direction, and leave the anecdotes for the return journey by rail. The best way to see Warwick Castle is to stand on the bridge and look at it from across the river. The stately towers, the masses of wild-growing ivy, the peaceful stream, the drooping trees make up a grand and beautiful illustration of the glorious history of England that, once seen, haunts the memory for many days afterwards.

Inside the Castle, of course, you get at once into close touch with the centuries that have passed. The Great Hall must be gaped at; Guy's Porridge Pot be peered into; the Red Drawing-Room wandered over. The ladies will make a rush for Lady Warwick's Boudoir; the men will feel martial in the Armoury Passage and envious in the Billiard Room.

And so, having paid tribute to the taste of the lovely hostess and the sportsmanship of the genial host, we come out into the afternoon sunlight and drive away in the direction of

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

The drive in itself is a delightful experience, but we have not time to talk very much about it at present. For we are going to see the birthplace of the greatest writer that the world has ever known; to shed a tear at Shutterly, the shrine of the poet's love; to breathe a prayer at his tomb, honoured and revered by true men and good women in all lands.

And what shall one say more? It were of no avail to describe the structure of the humble home; a presumption to write lightly of the wild flowers in the garden of Anne Hathaway's Cottage or of the silent Avon that guards the last resting-place of the great dead. We can but pay homage with respectful presence, and steal away with thankful hearts for the privilege that has been ours.

And so, in the cool of the summer's evening, when the scent of the fields is rising up, and the soft breezes just stir the flowers and the leaves and the grasses, we start on our return journey to the Great Babylon of London Town. As for to-morrow, who knows what it has in store of pain or pleasure, loss or gain? To-day, at any rate, we have steeped our souls in the beauties of Nature and the romance of olden days, and we roll on our homeward way at peace with ourselves, our neighbours, and all the world.

K. H.



GUY'S CLIFF, NEAR WARWICK.

A SUMMER'S DAY IN SHAKSPERE'S LAND.



A STREET IN KENILWORTH.



THE COURTYARD, KENILWORTH CASTLE.



EAST GATE, WARWICK.



LEICESTER HOSPITAL, WARWICK.



WARWICK CASTLE, FROM THE BRIDGE.



WARWICK CASTLE: ANOTHER VIEW.



COUNTESS ANNESLEY.

(See "Small Talk.")

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.



THE MARCHIQUENESS OF DOWNSHIRE.

(See "Small Talk.")

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FELLOWS WILLSON, NEW BOND STREET, W

LORD ROSEBERY: PRESENT AND PAST.

THE EARL OF ROSEBERY has lately written a letter and made a speech to the City Liberal Club, and everyone has been talking about him since. It is now nearly five years ago that he laid down the task of leading the broken legions of the Liberal Party, making the sacrifice, as he then announced, in order to promote unity amongst them. In the interval between that time and now he has not led a Party, nor has he taken any active part in political life. But he has, nevertheless, remained

ONE OF THE FOREMOST AND MOST INFLUENTIAL MEN IN ENGLAND, and the excitement that has been caused by his recent proceedings is, no doubt, due to the recognition of the greatness of his dormant powers and the interest of the problem whether—and, if so, how soon—he will again be at the head of a Party. Years before Mr Gladstone, on his retirement from political life in 1894, nominated Lord Rosebery to succeed him as Leader of the Liberal Party and as Prime Minister, it was predicted by a public writer in a widely circulated illustrated newspaper that the popular Peer would be called to that high position;

train-bearers at the Coronation, and afterwards one of the bridesmaids when the Queen married the Prince Consort. Lord Rosebery's mother, as everyone knows, subsequently became Duchess of Cleveland, and was the historian of Battle Abbey. The Roseberys have always been good sportsmen, and the present Earl

TWICE WON THE BLUE RIBAND OF THE TURF—

with Ladas and Sir Visto—when Prime Minister. He succeeded his grandfather in the Earldom in 1868, so that, to his great regret, he never had the chance of going to the House of Commons, but, by his birth and early succession to the title and estates, had to go to the House of Lords. Under Mr. Gladstone he twice served as Foreign Secretary, the first time in 1886, and the second time from 1892 to 1894. Social questions have always had his special attention. As quite a young man he was one of the earliest to engage in the work of establishing Institutes and Clubs for the artisan classes; and the value of his social work received unique recognition when, in 1874, he being then only twenty-seven years of age, he was made

PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS.

In municipal matters he has taken a continuous interest. When the



LORD ROSEBERY'S BUCKINGHAMSHIRE PALACE: MENTMORE TOWERS, NEAR LEIGHTON BUZZARD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. F. PIGOTT, LEIGHTON BUZZARD.

and the present writer ventures now the further prophecy that within a few years the Earl of Rosebery will again be Premier, and a Liberal Premier. He has already set out a programme for the Party—a moderate and workmanlike programme—a firm national policy; Reform of the House of Lords so as to make it an Imperial Senate; Temperance Reform on broad principles, avoiding the extreme views of fanatics on each side; the Housing of the Poor; A co-ordinated and systematised system of education, to train up a nation able to maintain itself in the growing competition for international trade; the making of a workmanlike Army and an efficient Navy. These are amongst the planks of what may now be called

LORD ROSEBERY'S PROGRAMME.

He sees, he says, the policy of the Liberal Party on such lines breathing new life into the administrative dry bones of our public offices; he anticipates that the Liberal-Unionists will be comprised within that Party. As to its divisions, he thinks the Liberal Party to-day is in worse condition than in 1896, but he dreams of its resuscitation on the lines indicated. And, if that take place, I venture to say that Party—"the Liberal Party, or some Party that will create itself"—will demand of Lord Rosebery his leadership.

The Earl of Rosebery was born on May 7, 1847, so that he is now

NEARLY FIFTY-FOUR YEARS OF AGE.

His father, Lord Dalmeny, died in January 1851. His mother was the beautiful Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, who was one of Queen Victoria's

London County Council was formed, he eagerly seized the opportunity of seeking the suffrages of the people.

CHAIRMAN OF THE "L.C.C."

in 1889, he worked to see London "not merely the biggest city in the world, but one of the brightest, healthiest, and best"; and all who study London know that the County Council has done great things already in the direction of those ideals of its first Chairman. Lord Rosebery was again Chairman of the County Council in 1892. He had retired from the first Chairmanship in 1890, on the death of the Countess, who had been Miss Hannah de Rothschild, and to whom the Earl was most devotedly attached. The Countess of Rosebery had given her energies and most of her wealth to good works, and was one of the best friends of charities in England.

Lord Rosebery has beautiful houses and estates. The town house, No. 38, Berkeley Square, is a large and handsome mansion. The Durdans, Epsom, is a very cosy house with only two floors. Mentmore Towers is a magnificent estate in Buckinghamshire which belonged to and was the favourite residence of the Countess, who, near by, built a model village as part of one of her philanthropic schemes. Then there is the ancestral home, Dalmeny Castle, near Edinburgh, where Mr. Gladstone made his headquarters during Midlothian campaigns. Bambougle Castle is in the grounds. It was merely an ivy-clad ruin till Lord Rosebery took care to improve and preserve it, and it commands one of the finest views of the Firth of Forth.

THE EARL OF ROSEBERY'S COUNTRY SEATS.



DALMENY HOUSE, NEAR EDINBURGH.



THE DURDANS, NEAR EPSOM

A PAGE ABOUT BOOKS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE *Bookman* for August contains an article on Mr. Hall Caine which at the present time is sure to attract wide attention. The writer gives many interesting particulars of "The Eternal City," and an explanation of the author's purpose and plans in writing it. He is authorised to state that it will be published exactly as written. Among the pictures which accompany the article are photographs of the house in Rome which Mr. Hall Caine occupied, off and on, for the four years in which he has been engaged in writing the book, of several scenes connected with the life of the hero and heroine of the novel, and a reproduction of Rossetti's and Ruskin's first letters to Mr. Hall Caine. The letter from Rossetti is particularly interesting, as it contains the invitation to visit him in London which ultimately led Mr. Hall Caine to take up his abode with Rossetti.

If, as is promised, "The Eternal City" appears on Aug. 15, it will be one of the quickest pieces of bookmaking on record. On July 20, Mr. Hall Caine was still at work on the final draft of the manuscript, and had some fifty pages to deliver to the printer. And it must be remembered that something like fifty thousand copies will have to be printed to supply the advance orders from the trade. From all I have heard, there can be no doubt that "The Eternal City" will cause a tremendous sensation.

Tolstoy was until quite recently at work upon a novel which promised to be one of the most striking works that have come from his pen. It was the story of a young man who, after a fast life, became a priest, and especially of the ghosts of the past that assailed him after he had broken with the world.

After a long absence in Spain and Italy, Mr. S. R. Crockett has been paying a short visit to London with his family. One of his last pieces of work is a delightful Preface to the new edition of Patrick Walker's "Bibliographia Presbyteriana," which Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are to publish in the autumn, uniform with the Edinburgh Stevenson. It will be remembered that Stevenson admitted his great debt to Patrick Walker. In this connection, Mr. Crockett writes—

And then how triumphantly graphic he is! Consider the account of the killing of John Brown, the carrier of Priesthill, and the appalling spectacle of Peden the Prophet, on that grey dawn when he took his farewell, coming out of the door of the doomed house, saying to himself, "Poor woman, a fearful morning!" and then, twice over, "A dark, misty morning!" It makes one shiver as one reads.

I have always thought that a great deal of the incision and directness of the late Mr. Stevenson's style in narration could be traced to his familiarity with Patrick Walker's account of the death of John Brown. Those curious in the matter, and familiar with the wonderful histories of Alan Breck and David Balfour, will be able to parallel many phrases in a somewhat remarkable manner—that is, not at all literally, but in the spirit of them. Mr. Stevenson himself, when taxed with the fact, only responded unblushingly with, "Well, you're another!"

The *Saturday Review* contains some interesting particulars of Maxim Gor'ki, the Russian author who is the rage now in St. Petersburg, and whose works are being widely read and criticised on the Continent. Gor'ki, whose real name is Peszkov, was in succession a navvy, a porter, and a street-hawker. He is a man of no education. At present, he is the favourite Russian novelist, dramatist, critic, and philosopher of the day. It is only three years since he appeared abruptly, in mud-stained smock, in the office of a Caucasus newspaper with his first story in his pocket. The Editor read it while Gor'ki waited—approved and printed. Fame came when Korolenko welcomed him and published his tale of a dock-thief in *Russian Wealth*. The story lacked all the essentials of great literature; the form was vague, the motives were obscure. It was plain that the author had no opinion whether the villain was a villain or a hero. But it was full of action, of action in a sphere unknown to the reading public, and the story caught the general fancy; Professors lecture on him, critics write books about him; the Moscow Artistic Theatre is going to act his new play. Gor'ki's career is in many ways reminiscent of that of Mr. Frank T. Bullen.

That extraordinary genius, Auguste Rodin, is at work on a great statue of Verlaine, which is to be placed in one of the squares of Paris. Whether it will be accepted by the subscribers is another matter. The man who cut all the pettiness and ugliness of genius into his portrait of Balzac is not likely to spare Verlaine.

Mr. Murray will complete his magnificent edition of Byron's poems and letters in the autumn. The sixth and last volumes of each section are now in the press. They contain complete indexes, which will add greatly to the value of the work.

I have often wondered that the present popularity of Encyclopædias has not tempted someone to arrange for an English edition of the great German and French works of reference published by Brockhaus and Larousse, which are unquestionably superior to anything we have in this country. I have now reason to believe that the promoters of one of the most popular schemes of selling books by instalment actually obtained the British rights of all the important Continental works of reference in order to secure themselves from possible competition. o o.

WORKS OF THE MONTH.

BY AN EXPERT OF "THE ROW."

IT is always a pleasure to welcome a new work that has some phase or characteristic in literature as its subject; especially is this so when it comes from the pen of one who loves literature and knows how to write it. Such a book is

"MEN AND LETTERS," BY HERBERT PAUL

(published by J. Lane). The work consists of a series of essays embodying such interesting subjects as "The Art of Letter-Writing," "Sterne," "The Classic Poems of Tennyson," "Macaulay and his Critics," and others equally fascinating. Mr. Paul writes in an easy and forcible style, and although his essays are full of knowledge and information, they will hold the attention of the most general reader. It is a book which everyone will be the better for reading, and should be on the shelves of every Public Library. For the past few years renewed attention has been given to the works of

OUR NATIONAL POET, SHAKSPEARE.

Some of our American friends would remove him from the exalted position he holds among the great men of this country. But, while the critics are busy in analysing his creations, the student is trying to get at the thoughts and ideas of the life he depicted. At the present time there are four different folio editions being prepared for the press, editions for both the critic and the student. That to be edited by Mr. Sidney Lee will be a reprint of the first folio edition, a copy of which has been sold during the month to Mr. Quaritch for the

RECORD SUM OF £1720;

the original price was £1. Shakspeare's reputation appears safe in his country's keeping.

London, like all great cities, attracts the historian and archæologist, as well as the maker of popular literature. A book that will please all readers is

"IMPERIAL LONDON," BY A. H. BEAVAN (J. M. DENT AND CO.).

Out of what the author calls "a medley of palatial buildings, mean houses, beautiful districts, and squalid regions," he has attempted to describe this great city for both the general reader and for the stranger who may visit it. The work extends to over five hundred pages, and is capably illustrated by H. Fletcher; it contains information upon subjects connected with the city both ancient and modern, romantic, mercantile, legal, and ecclesiastical, as well as a complete list of interesting London houses.

Fiction is again the leading feature in the month's output of books. The book which will be most read is

"TRISTRAM OF BLENT," BY ANTHONY HOPE (JOHN MURRAY).

The interest in the story is centred round the question of the hero Tristram's birth. If born in wedlock, he inherits his mother's estates. The mystery is elaborated in Mr. Hope's characteristic and engaging style. The novel is a good one, and cannot fail to be the book of the season. Dorsetshire, the county which Mr. Thomas Hardy has made almost his own, has been invaded by Mrs. F. Blundell in her two novels,

"FIANDER'S WIDOW" AND "PASTORALS OF DORSET" (LONGMANS).

The latter consists of short stories, which show a clever insight into the pastoral life and the humour of these interesting country people. "Fiander's Widow" is a Dorsetshire story of rural farm life; the widow and her many admirers are pictured with pleasing simplicity and with a genuine love of this celebrated county and its people.

THE SCENE OF "CAPTAIN LONDON," BY R. H. SAVAGE
(WARD AND LOCK),

is laid in Rome, where an unscrupulous villain attempts the ruin of the hero of the story. His object is frustrated and he receives a well-merited punishment. The book is very readable and is full of excitement and adventure. I can strongly recommend

"EVER MOHUN," BY F. T. JANE (J. MACQUEEN).

From its title, this book might be thought to be an Irish story, but it is really one of Devonshire life. Ever, the heroine, is a girl of sweet but determined spirit; she is thus eventually captured: "Lady Ever Mohun, your hand, my dear." Ever put her hand in his, and he carried it to his lips like courtiers in the picture-books."

A melancholy interest is attached to

"THE LADY OF LYNN," BY SIR WALTER BESANT (CHATTO AND WINDUS),

it being the last work completed before his lamented death. It is a story of the year of grace 1747. The old-world characters which the unflagging mind of Sir Walter Besant delighted to depict are here to be found at their best. Molly, the Maid of Lynn, has many plotters for her hand, and, with some strategy, she marries the right lover, while her would-be betrayer, much to his chagrin, is wedded to one more suited to his character and surroundings. The book shows no falling-off in the author's cheerful way of telling a story of a bygone age.



MISS JESSIE BATEMAN,

WHO GOES WITH MR. HAWTREY TO AMERICA IN SEPTEMBER TO PLAY LEADS IN "A MESSAGE FROM MARS" AND "THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY. BAKER STREET, W.

MR. EDMUND PAYNE AS SAMMY GIGG AND MISS VIOLET LLOYD AS SUSAN IN
 "THE TOREADOR," AT THE GAIETY.



Teddy Payne in mufti.



Teddy Payne in "tiger's" uniform.



*"If I ever marry, my husband must be
 In some occupation attractive to me."*



GIGG: You all know me: I'm Mr. Punch, you see.
 SUSAN: And I'm his wife: he leads me such a life!

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, PAKER STREET, W.



MISS MARIE STUDHOLME AS DORA SELBY IN "THE TOREADOR," AT THE GAIETY

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

SIX REPRESENTATIVE ARTISTS.

IT may, perhaps, occur to some as strange that, of the representative group of artists whose portraits are given this week, half are Scotsmen and the other half are Londoners; but the chance circumstance only goes to illustrate the great influence that, since the days of Raeburn, North Britain has exercised on our artistic progress. Scotland has, in fact, given us a continuous flow of romantic and original inspiration, and has of late years developed a school of her own at Glasgow, the accidental exclusion of whose representatives from this year's Academy is undoubtedly a misfortune. There are enough Scottish artists resident in London to make a good show at the present exhibition, and among the most highly esteemed of these must be reckoned

MR. COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.,

both by reason of his long and distinguished connection with the Royal Academy and on account of the memorable succession of seascapes and illustrations of the life-work of those who toil on the waters that he has presented since he rivetted public attention by his "Trawlers Waiting for Darkness" in 1873. Like others of his countrymen who have made their home in our Metropolis, Mr. Hunter retains all his enthusiasm for his native scenery, and he renews its inspiration from time to time by expeditions to the coasts and islands of



MR. DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A.

From Photographs by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

the North for yachting and fishing, varied occasionally by golfing and shooting. He has only one work in Burlington House this year, but it is of exceptional importance, and no visitor to the exhibition can fail to carry away a recollection of "Herring-Fishers off Kildonan Castle, Isle of Arran."

MR. DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A.,

is more extensively represented, and critics may well be puzzled whether to admire most his poetical landscape, "The River Plough," with its powerful horses straining at their work among the reeds, his refreshing picture of "The Gentle Streamlet, Willow-wood," his brilliant landscape, "From Sultry Day to Summer Storm," or the luxuriant aspect of Nature shown in "Lush Meadows of the Test." Undoubtedly Mr. Murray stands in the front rank of our landscape-painters. He has been specially attracted by the varied colour, rich meadows, and reposeful beauty of the Southern Counties of England, and by the fascinating scenery of Picardy. His landscapes are distinguished by their atmospheric effects of sunlight and clouds, sunset and storm.

The other Scottish artist in this group is

MR. JOSEPH FARQUHARSON, A.R.A.,

a landscape-painter of remarkable force and originality, who for some time was under the disadvantage of being ranked as an amateur. This was the result of the fortunate circumstances that placed him beyond the need of pursuing art as a means of livelihood. Unless impelled to do their best by the influence of stern necessity, few artists seem able to

come to the front, but here we have a case of success being achieved solely through the force of a native artistic spirit. Mr. Farquharson pursues his art under the most favourable conditions, without harassing anxiety and with entire independence, and this happy state of things is reflected in his disposition, which is amiability itself. The originally treated snow-scenes that he shows at the Academy are evidence of a conscientious striving to understand and reveal some of the less familiar moods of Nature, and his representations of Scottish mountains, with their characteristic sheep and cattle, in peculiar effects of light, are further examples of his individual force.

MR. HENRY T. WELLS, R.A.,

is an honoured veteran, a Londoner by birth, who not long before Lord Leighton's last illness acted as Deputy-President while his chief was seeking health abroad. It must be confessed that there is not much suggestion of seventy-three years, except in so far as they stand for ripened experience, in the powerful works that Mr. Wells shows at the Academy. "Sir William Macpherson" is an especially vigorous portrait, and "A Dahlia Hedge" is quite up-to-date in its colour-effect, though in technique it may not be so modern. The artist's connection with the Royal Academy is well over half-a-century's standing. He began his artistic career as a miniaturist, and it was not until 1861 that he established himself as a painter in oils by his excellent portrait of



MR. GEORGE A. STOREY, A.R.A.

Lord Ranelagh. The works that he has produced since then include some of historical importance.

MR. GEORGE A. STOREY, A.R.A.,

who was born in London in 1834, spent a good deal of his early life in Paris, but received his chief artistic education at Leigh's celebrated Art School, in Newman Street, and at the Royal Academy. His *genre* pictures, which generally illustrate some romantic incident in attractive fashion, have been a constant source of delight for half-a-century. They are so numerous that one could not even attempt to make a selection from them in a brief notice like the present. He is represented this year by one of the most popular pictures in the Royal Academy, "The Love-Letter." Mr. Storey has also a water-colour cottage interior in this year's show. He was appointed Teacher of Perspective at the Royal Academy in 1900, and he has produced some successful literary works.

MR. E. A. WATERLOW, A.R.A.,

the President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, is an exponent of landscape whose work is distinguished by its thoroughly English character and its appreciation of the many varieties of atmosphere that mark our national scenery. His tender landscape, "Evening Pastures," with its sheep and figures in the glow of the declining sun, his "Hoghton Mill" and his "Old Sand-pit," at Burlington House are favourable examples of his sympathetic mode of rendering the light and colour and typical details of our pastoral scenes. Mr. Waterlow was born in London in 1850. He was educated at Heidelberg, and afterwards studied at the Royal Academy Schools, gaining the Turner Gold Medal in 1873.

"THE SKETCH" PORTRAIT GALLERY OF FAMOUS ARTISTS.

From Photographs by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.



MR. COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.



MR. E. A. WATERLOW, A.R.A.



MR. JOSEPH FARQUHARSON, A.R.A.



MR. HENRY T. WELLS, R.A.



"STRAYING FANCIES."

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY LAFAYETTE, LONDON AND DUBLIN.



"YES OR NO?"

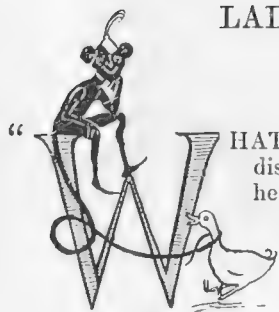
A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY LAFAYETTE, LONDON AND DUBLIN.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

LADY CONNIE'S PLUNGE.

BY CLO. GRAVES.

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"W HAT chance!" gasped Lady Connie, taking her fair, dishevelled head out from amongst the cushions of her boudoir-lounge, and drying her tear-stained eyes with an absurd little gossamer handkerchief; "what chance has a girl—a mere girl, who has only been out for a Season and a-half—against a married woman like Nita Le Quesne?"

"None at all," said her friend, a rather plain, sensible young woman, with sporting tastes and tailor-made garments. "Not the ghost of a chance!"

"Yet, she's over thirty—and makes up!" said Lady Connie viciously.

"Men prefer women over thirty," said Molly Verdon sententiously, "and I am inclined to believe that they lean to make-up."

"Her waist is at least six inches larger than mine," Connie persisted.

"She is of the voluptuous and redundant type, I grant you," returned her friend; "but men like that, too."

"Her boots are fives and her gloves sevens."

"She is given to pedestrianism and drives four-in-hand. Men adore that kind of thing," returned Molly, lighting a cigarette. "My child, what perfect tobacco!"

"Captain Lorriker gave me the box when he came home invalided from Africa, and——"

"You got so chummy?"

"He—he was laid up at his aunt's in Belgrave Square, and—I visit there, you know——"

"Or you did just then, and you used to drop in and spend the mornings and the afternoons, and sometimes the evenings, reading and singing and playing to the wounded hero." Molly made a little bit of a grimace.

"It was only Christian charity," said Lady Connie with dignity. "He had a splinter of a shell in the muscles of his ribs on the right side——"

"And little Connie thought that an arrow, skilfully implanted in the left side, might serve as a counter-irritant." Molly exhaled a thin blue cloud of Turkish vapour, and smiled at the water-colours upon the wall.

"Now, Captain Lorriker is well——"

"Almost; only he gets awful attacks of cramp, and turns blue——"

"Does he?"

"Every now and then. It has something to do with the water in South Africa. He vows he will never drink another drop as long as he lives."

"It's the kind of oath you can really rely on a man's keeping. But, tell me one thing. While you were playing, not Sister, but Cousin-of-Mercy, where was the Le Quesne?"

"In the Riviera. And Fred—I mean, Captain Lorriker—admitted to me that there had been what he called 'a slight entanglement,' and promised to steer clear of such things for the future."

"And you believed him? Goose!"

"And then," went on Lady Connie, rising to her feet and beginning to walk up and down over the Morris carpets of her sanctum, her pale Liberty draperies trailing, her gold hair dishevelled, her cheeks and eyes flaming with indignation, and her fingers nervously wrestling with the clasp of her Egyptian silver girdle; "then she came back. Oh, it was degrading! She just held up one of her fingers—gave him one look, and——"

"And he fell to heel like the well-trained retriever he is. The Le Quesne is famous for breaking-in men. I rather admire her for it."

"Do you? Well, if you're going to lunch with me at the 'Dips' Club, you will have the picaresque of seeing them together. Both are members, you know."

"I thought the rules separated the sexes at feeding-time?"

"Nominally. But after the soup they draw the curtain that divides the Ladies' Restaurant from the Gentlemen's Grill, and——"

"Fusion is the word. I should like of all things to see it. Why did you never ask me before?"

"Because I never joined until I went in for swimming," retorted Lady Connie.

"And now you're one of the cracks, aren't you?"

"I've won some races and gained a bracelet for the high dive."

"Does she—I'll call the Le Quesne the Ogress, because she has such an endearing little way of crunching eligible young men up, body and bones—does she natate, as the Americans say?"

"Swim? Like a bladder of lard!" said Connie disgustfully. "Wallowing is the word for it. See here!" She puffed out her fair cheeks and waved her arms, and gave, on the whole, a not too exaggerated imitation of the aquatic frolics of the lady in question, and Molly shrieked with laughter.

"Women are never humorous unless they're jealous," she said, wiping her brimming eyes when the performance was over.

"Jealous! Do you suppose——?" Connie was beginning, when the other cut her short.

"Jealous? Of course you are! And, if you want to cut out your

hated rival—do it in the water. Don't you have aquatic show-off days, when the male Club members race in the big swimming-bath, and the women sit in the balconies and bet on the favourite; and *vice versa*, when the women splash and the men look on?" Molly's eyes twinkled as she stooped to whisper in Connie's ear. "Pull her under—duck her—make her appear an idiot when Freddy Lorriker is looking on, and she may hold up her finger until she perishes, after that, without getting him back. Trust me! I know men!" said Molly.

"Oh! you dear, darling, clever thing!" screamed Connie, falling on her friend's neck in rapture. And they went together to the "Dips" Club, and lunched at the very next table to Mrs. Le Quesne, and she was very kind and condescending to Lady Connie—so much so that Lady Connie would have given worlds to be able to hurl a cutlet at her rival's head and challenge her to a duel with pickle-forks. Then, just before the second course, the curtains dividing the Gentlemen's Grill from the Ladies' Restaurant flew apart—and Freddy Lorriker arose and drifted with the tide in the direction of his enchantress's table.

"There's your little girl, Tippy!" said the Enchantress, who had nicknames for all her victims, as she haughtily motioned the Captain to an opposing chair. "Looks washy and lovelorn, doesn't she? Oh, you cruel man!" She shook her finger playfully.

"Hang it, Nita!" protested the slave, turning as scarlet as his moustache—poor Connie called it "auburn"—"you're too bad! She—heard what you said, I'm sure she did."

"And then?" The Enchantress arched her artfully darkened eyebrows.

"Oh! and then—you know jolly well," growled the miserable Freddy, whose power of repartee was as limited as his power of resistance, "she'll be hurt. You women are so jolly fond of hurtin' one another!"

But the eyes that met his next minute were untroubled—the face of Lady Connie perfectly serene. "How do you do?" she nodded to the Captain. "Are you quite well again, and shall we see you at the Bi-monthly Frog Match?"

"Frog Match" was the newly invented term for a Club swimming contest.

"Oh, yes!" returned Freddy brilliantly. "That is—I hope so! Though I've no cause to be very fond of water—after South Africa."

"But there are no dead horses or Boers in our swimming-bath!" said Lady Connie, "and the high dive is the best anywhere. Twenty feet deep that end, you know. Do try it one day, Mrs. Le Quesne! It's perfectly heavenly! You run right out to the end of the board, poise yourself, shut your eyes, and down you go, like a——"

"Stone!" suggested Freddy Lorriker.

"Like an arrow," corrected Lady Connie. Then she gave a little nod to the Enchantress and another to Freddy and tripped away, leaving two images before the mental vision of the warrior, one being a fair, slender, virginal form clad in clinging garments of pale blue and white, with a jaunty cap on its golden hair, poised for a swallow-like flight; the other that of a brunette of rather efflorescent personality and pronounced *embonpoint*, balanced awkwardly on the end of an elastic plank. He writhed a little at this, and excused himself by saying that he had a twinge of his African cramp.

"Little cat!" thought Mrs. Le Quesne, noting the laboured lie and reading Freddy like a book. And being a clever woman, she then and there formulated the mental vow never to enter the Club swimming-baths under any possible circumstances. Had Lady Connie known of this resolution, her hopes would have fallen to the ground. But she remained in ignorance—and was happy. The next Frog Match was for male Club members, ladies being present on the balconies overlooking the swimming-bath by invitation.

"So I must wait for my revenge," she said to Molly Verdon, as they sat together, leaning on the gilt balustrade and watching the aquatic gambols of the sterner sex (arrayed in complete suits of light flannel, be it explained, in deference to the proprieties).

"There is the Le Quesne," said Molly, "kissing her hand to a man in a striped mauve swimming-suit. Ah, it is Captain Lorriker!"

"And he's going in for the thirty-yards-under-the-water race," said Connie anxiously.

"Do not be anxious," said her friend. "Captain Lorriker is not inclined to be apoplectic, like that stout man in the Guards. I feel really anxious about him. Why, he is puffing and blowing already, like the sea-lion at the 'Zoo.'"

"Ah! they are off!" cried Mrs. Le Quesne, as the four competitors launched themselves upon their sub-aquatic journey. The Guardsman came up to the surface snorting hideously, before he had accomplished three yards; two of the others gave in about the middle of the course; but Freddy held on and won amidst applause.

"And the prize is a diamond frog—and he will give it to her!" thought Lady Connie, viciously dinting her red underlip with one small white eye-tooth. "Oh! if I could only tempt her in next Ladies' Frog Match . . . I would . . . I don't quite know what I'd do, but . . . it should be something that should break her spell upon him and bind him to me for ever."

She did it in another minute. Never was such a lucky chance, as Molly Verdon said.



SKETCHES AT THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION BY JAMES GREIG.

Because Freddy, foolish Captain Freddy—flushed with triumph and the smiles of the Enchantress, who meant to have the diamond frog—Freddy essayed the high dive.

"Oh, I wish he wouldn't!" moaned Lady Connie, as her beloved swarmed up the ladder that led to the elastic platform that overhung the deep end of the bath.

"Why not?" snapped her friend, unsympathetic for once.

"Because of his wound," moaned Connie, "and the cramp—that awful South African cramp! Suppose he swallows some water and it isn't quite nice——"

"Ugh!" said Molly, shuddering.

"And that brings it on. You know he has sworn off water since that South Afric——"

Splash!

Freddy had done the high dive.

"Capital!" cried all the spectators.

"Bravo!" cried Mrs. Le Quesne, applauding from her balcony.

"And what a long time he is stopping under water, too! I had no idea Tippy could show off like that."

"He'll pop up now!" said the Guardsman.

But Freddy did not pop up, and a horrible moment went by. Then

THE DARTMOOR OTTER-HOUNDS.

THE Dartmoor district is a capital one for the summer sport of otter-hunting. From the highlands of the moors the drainage is carried down to the sea by very many rivulets which, as the distance they have to travel is not long, have not the opportunity to become either large or deep. As a consequence, most of the South Devon waterways are practicable for hounds almost down to the sea.

The Dartmoor Hounds are housed close to the edge of the moor, at the little town of Brent, and close to the residence of the Master, Major Green. They are a mixed pack of otter-hound and fox-hound breed, and include some particularly game terriers. Misfortune has attended the commencement of the season, for not only has the Master's services, except for an occasional day or two, been lost to the Hunt through his return to military duty, but the Huntsman has been incapacitated for a time by a broken bone. In the absence of the Master, Mr. Pitman carries the horn.

The photos were taken on the occasion of a day's sport on the River Erme. The meet was for Fleet, the beautiful estate of Mr. Mildmay,



THE DARTMOOR OTTER-HOUNDS: CROSSING THE RIVER.



A CHECK.



DRAWN BLANK.



HOUNDS IN FULL CRY.

a man shouted something, and Mrs. Le Quesne tittered and then screamed.

For before any of the paralysed Club members had roused to action, Lady Connie had risen, torn off her hat and jacket, sprung upon her chair, stepped from thence to the broad ledge of the balcony, and dived. The slight figure cleft the water of the swimming-bath immediately over the spot where Captain Freddy had gone down, and in a breathless minute a dripping golden head emerged, and half-a-dozen swimmers leaped in to help the plucky maiden land her insensible burden.

"She's got him in her mouth!" cried the Guardsman, "like a young Newfoundland!"

She had, in fact, seized Captain Freddy by the collar of his striped swimming-jacket with those strong, white teeth of hers, when, between the agonies of cramp and the asphyxia of drowning, he lay feebly squirming at the bottom of the swimming-bath.

There is little more to say, except that Captain Freddy was brought round by brandy and hot blankets, and from that day the power of the Enchantress was broken.

But when Lady Connie married the Captain—which she did in the beginning of November last—she withdrew her name from the members' list of the "Dips" Club. She had plunged for a husband and got him, and, so far as I have heard, she has not yet repented.

recently visited by Princess Victoria. Major Green had travelled home for the day, and showed a very large—in fact, too large—field some good sport. A fine otter was bolted from a holt by the terriers, and, served by a poor scent and the generosity of the Master in giving him his head at the stickles, managed to take the hounds up and down the river without getting into immediate danger.

Finally, he returned to his old quarters, and, when bolted a second time, left in company with two pups. So hounds were called off, and a note made of him for another day.

In this age of record-breaking it is scarcely surprising to note that the Army is following the prevailing fashion, for Lieutenant D. L. Campbell, of the famous old 41st (now the 1st Battalion of the Welsh Regiment, but formerly the "Welsh Regiment"), has been gazetted a member of the Distinguished Service Order. As Lieutenant Campbell joined the Army only in January of this year, and the gallant exploit for which he is rewarded—the defence of a train near Alkmaar, South Africa—was performed on May 20, he had gained his "D.S.O." within little more than four months after obtaining his commission. Should circumstances continue favourable, the brave young officer of "The Welsh" should go far before he becomes a "Man of Forty."

MISS ELLEN TERRY AND HER ART.

A CHAT WITH THE GIFTED ACTRESS DURING HER FEW BARS' REST.

IT was only natural that directly Miss Ellen Terry had finished her latest three months' season with Sir Henry Irving at the Lyceum the Editor of *The Sketch* should wish His Truly the Undersigned to call upon the charming and gifted actress in order to extract from her a few remarks as to her future.

Miss Terry, ever a kind and considerate friend, was good enough to see me almost directly she had finished her last performance at the



MISS ELLEN TERRY AS VOLUMNIA IN "CORIOLANUS," THE PART SHE PLAYED THE LAST NIGHT OF THE LYCEUM SEASON.

Photo by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

Lyceum, and had just reached her cosy and delightful town-house in Barkston Gardens. Here I found her already starting to pack a sufficient number of domestic "props" to take with her to Aix, whither she is about to proceed for a Rheumatism Cure.

The great actress did not seem to need much in the way of "cures." Indeed, I have never seen her look brighter or more charming. "Ah!" she said, when I expressed this sincere opinion; "and yet you know very well that my age is so-and-so"—naming the figure. Nevertheless, my statement as to Miss Terry's youthfulness and buoyancy holds good, and it was really marvellous to find her looking so young and fresh after three months of heavy rehearsals and daily and nightly performances—a set of tasks that would terribly shake if not utterly destroy a younger but less enthusiastic stage-player. For consider the

LIST OF ELLEN TERRY'S PERFORMANCES

this season! Starting with the character of Volumnia (in which part this enormously popular favourite is herein pictured), she went on to Nance Oldfield, Queen Henrietta in "Charles the First," Portia, Clarisse in "Robespierre," Madame Sans-Gêne, and so on and so forth, as Sir Henry Irving's gifted leading lady.

"Yes," said Miss Terry, "it is, I suppose, enthusiasm for my work which helps to sustain me in so arduous a season as that we have just finished. But let me tell you that there is another sustaining influence, and one far greater, and that is, that I feel I have with me the wonderful sympathy of our audiences. I have long experienced this. I know that I feel in sympathy with them, and the thought of their constant kindness and encouragement spurs me on even when I long for rest, as I do now, for all your saying how well and fresh I look, Mr. *Sketch* man!

"But I shall get hardly any rest this time," added the charming actress, cutting me short in my renewed protestations; in fact, "speaking on top of my lines," as they say on the stage. "I would dearly love to go down to my Winchelsea cottage—you know my sweet little Winchelsea cottage, don't you?—but, directly I get back from Aix, I must rejoin

Sir Henry for his provincial tour. This tour runs on until it is time to start for our next American tour, which begins in October."

"You like America?" I said.

"Like America!" exclaimed Miss Terry. "I adore it——!"

"I have reason to believe," I interposed, "that America returns the compliment."

"It would be fairer to say that America started the compliment," she answered. "Wherever we go, in every State, in every town, big and little, we are received with open arms by native playgoers, many of whom bring us lovely bouquets and other tokens of greeting and welcome."

WHY, THE DEAR AMERICANS——!

And here the gifted actress's mystic-looking, purple-coloured Maltese Cat's darker-skinned daughter threatened to overturn a priceless vase full of the choicest flowers, and so our conversation was cut short, *pro tem*.

Of course, we anon fell to talking about the Drama, my custom always whenever I have the pleasure of meeting this delightful exponent thereof. Miss Terry poured forth praises of our recent distinguished visitors, Mesdames Bernhardt and Réjane, and M. Coquelin.

"I go to see them again and again," said Miss Terry, "for, like all players who love their work, whenever I get a night off I go to the play. Like you, I love all sorts of plays, so that they are good work. My taste in plays is so very catholic. At the present moment I think my two favourites are 'Charles the First' and 'San Toy.' There is nothing more beautifully pathetic in the world than Sir Henry's King Charles. Don't you think so?"

"Nothing," I answered, "always excepting your own Queen Henrietta Maria!"

"Now, that is sweet of you!" laughed Miss Terry, and then she actually had the audacity to try to prove to me that she is not really a poetic actress! How absurd! We who know her Viola, her Imogen, her Portia, her Ophelia, her Cordelia (to name but a few of her impersonations in the poetic drama), of course, know better. As she was obdurate, I insisted on changing the subject. She, however, would insist from time to time that that other charming actress, her sister Marion, is the most poetic actress to be found around, while for searching pathos she declared that

MRS. KENDAL TOOK THE PALM.

But that is so like Ellen Terry, to praise other people at the expense of herself.

As to the foreign invasion of our stage, Miss Terry manifested no alarm. "Let 'em all come!" she exclaimed. "That is the phrase, isn't it?"

"It is," I answered, "in all the highest music-hall circles!"

Miss Terry could give no opinion about Sada Yacco and Mr. Kawakami, because she had not seen them, but she retailed to me, with evident maternal pride, a sound analytical "appreciation" of them by her bright and clever daughter, Miss Edith Craig. I also gathered that Miss Terry, while objecting with me to that class of "problem" play which seems written for the sole purpose of making people wretched, yet agreed with me that Ibsen had tended, on the whole, to make our actors act better and our writers write better.

By degrees, we fell into the subject of the overcrowded state of the theatrical profession.

"It is really awful," said Miss Terry, with tears in her eyes, "to see the numbers of young girls who come to me imploring me to help them to go upon the stage—a calling which requires the patience of Job and the courage of Hercules. Thank God!" she added, "I have kept many of these foolish girls whom I knew to be unfit, either physically or artistically, or both, from rushing madly into the profession, and so from experiencing the terrible heart-break, the unceasing toil, the severe privation, that heavy disappointments must bring to so many."

Here Miss Terry added a few remarks concerning the tragic fate of the beautiful Yeoland girls, whom she had loved and helped by her advice while they were at the Lyceum. These words were so inexpressibly touching and sympathetic and so full



MISS ELLEN TERRY:

WITH FACSIMILE OF OUR POPULAR ACTRESS'S SIGNATURE.
Photo by Annan and Sons, Glasgow.

of the truest and noblest womanliness that I forbear to give them the publicity of cold print.

"And now," said I, "let us consider something which is of the utmost importance to all playgoers worthy of the name—your own future?"

Miss Terry at once began to stagger even me by declaring that she does not intend to play Margaret when Sir Henry revives "Faust" at the Lyceum next April, nor will she play Olivia, or any such girlish sweethearts. "No," she said, "I will keep to the Beatrices, the Nance Oldfields, the Madame Sans-Gênes, and, yes, to the Portias, and so forth. Or, if anyone will write me a good play, with the part of a nice, happy, contented mother, or some fine character of that sort—with a dash of pathos, I am ready to attempt it. Mr. Pinero and Mr. Jones (aren't they two brilliant men?) could, if they would, write some play of that kind either for Sir Henry and me, or for my own occasional little tours."

"Of course they could!" I said. "Who better? But, by the way, you owe an explanation to all us enthusiastic playgoers as to why you have never yet played Rosalind. We have a right to ask you this, for you would have been

THE BEST ROSALIND OF OUR TIME.

"I have always longed to play the part—the loveliest character in all Shakspeare, I think. And my late father (you knew him! Wasn't he a dear soul?) always urged me to play it; yes, almost to the day of his death. He always insisted that I was born for the part."

"Your father was right," I said to this fascinating fellow-native of the Author's county; "and, speaking of being born, when are you going to settle the vexed question as to which side of that street in Coventry you first saw the light?"

"That's my business!" said Miss Terry. "If I like to be born in two places at once, it is no concern of yours." Of course, I knew all the while that Miss Terry only puts it this way so as not to interfere with the business regarding visitors to her two birthplaces.

"Yes," she continued, "I would dearly have loved to play Rosalind with Sir Henry. He is such a one to make one act. You know which part he thought of playing in the piece?"

"He always told me he fancied Touchstone," I said, "and a fine Touchstone he would have been!"

"Great!" agreed Ellen Terry. "So I'm sorry we never did 'As You-Like It,' after all. There was another character I used to long to play, and that is Constance in 'King John.' I think that is a mother I could play."

"It would cost audiences a good deal for extra handkerchiefs if you ever tried it," I said.

"You are again, sweet!" she replied, with her best Letitia Hardy curtsy. This reminiscence of "The Belle's Stratagem" and of Irving's fine Doricourt, and my catching sight of a lovely mezzotint of Mrs. Jordan as Peggy in "The Country Girl," led us on to the (to me) always captivating subject of Old Comedy, and delightful indeed were Miss Terry's remarks on certain masterpieces in this connection. It was during this part of our talk that Miss Terry said mysteriously—

"I will tell you a long-pent-up secret. Swear never to divulge it!"

"You tell me the secret first," I said, "and then I'll tell you if my duty to my Editor will let me swear."

I found my duty didn't, for the secret was this, that it has long been the desire, and is still the hope, of Miss Terry to emulate the said Mrs. Jordan and Mrs. J.'s greater exemplar, Mistress Woffington, to come out in certain male characters, not so much Sir Harry Wildair as Charles Surface.

"I COULD PLAY CHARLES SURFACE WELL,"

said Miss Terry, dashing enthusiastically into some of Charles's lines.

"Of course you could!" I replied, and a sweet remembrance of Miss Terry's beautiful appearance and beautiful acting as the sometime supposed "boy," Philippa Chester, in Charles Reade's fine but apparently forgotten eighteenth play, "The Wandering Heir," flashed across me.

Finally we fell to talking of literature, for Miss Terry has a splendidly equipped library. I gathered that her idols in fiction are that "darling old Dickens" and "that sweet Stevenson," as she called them, even as her idol in pictorial art is Burne-Jones. I found the charming actress quite "dangerous" (as Lord Beaconsfield would say) on Chaucer, Spenser, Tennyson, Browning, and, of course, the Divine William. Miss Terry is also strong on Theology "if she'd the call."

"You like rare old books," she said. "I will show you one," and with that she unlocked a cabinet of choicest treasures and reverently drew therefrom a Black-letter Bible, bearing the autograph and a holograph letter of England's Greatest Lady Tragedian, Sarah Siddons, who had in her time well thumbed and marked the Sacred Volume.

The book bore an inscription equally valued by its proud possessor. That inscription contained a few graceful, reverent words, starting "From Henry Irving to Ellen Terry."

H. CHANCE NEWTON.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Thirty-four (from April 24 to July 17, 1901) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Goodwood and Better Woods—Sport and the New Diplomacy—Trial by my Peers—Crime an Expensive Luxury—Bigamy for All—Victoria Day—Bean-feasts for Animals—A Holiday from Holidays.

THIS week we go to see the Americans race at Goodwood. It is a good wood. It has pleasant "paddocks"; "stakes" grow there. Horses are reared, and these useful animals often prove of pecuniary benefit to their owners. How patient they must be! They stand being "pulled out," "heavily backed," having "all the money in the place piled on them," and then are intelligent enough to respond when "asked the question." And yet their prices are often described in the papers as absurdly "short." The Oaks is another of these excellent English forests which flourish like a green bay-tree. There are "meetings" in these glades for the more seriously inclined.

It is to be hoped that racing will not be invaded by the new diplomacy, adopted by Mold and Phillips, of retailing every particular of their professional doings in published disclaimers in the newspapers. A trainer accused of "doping" might swear an affidavit before a magistrate showing analysis of the food and drink supplied to his horse during the preceding fortnight. If American riding is called in question, the Messrs. Reiff might issue a manifesto to the *Times*, with a diagram showing the angle occupied by the body of the jockey on the withers of a horse. A batsman given out "l.b.w." would publish a Declaration of Faith as to the position of his left leg, cinematograph view of the whole match, and inquiry into the moral character of the umpire (Why, by-the-bye, is not the whole throwing question settled by the cinematograph?). A Duke convicted of breaking a rule in a Ping-Pong tournament would demand a full-blown trial in the Upper House requiring months of preparation.

However, this amusing pastime of trying Peers in the House of Lords is being seriously threatened by a private member of the Commons, who is to pass a Bill on the subject—or rather, has obtained leave to take the preliminary steps to trying his luck among a few hundred other private members to get a chance of bringing a Bill before the House and attempting to get it passed. To my mind, the fact that Lord Russell's has been the first trial of the kind since 1841 absolutely disproves the alleged iniquity of the Peerage. My acquaintance with Peers largely consists in enraptured gazes into the Gilded Chamber from the crush of Commoners at the Bar, and, indeed, they generally appeared to me to be too dull ever to do anything wrong.

If they often did, we should continually be having this carpentering of the Royal Gallery, these orders from the King, full-dress processions in robes, and gatherings of Cabinet Ministers. The House of Lords would seriously affect the takings at the Savoy Theatre. Possibly the titled classes are really only clever enough to avoid detection; they may break all the Commandments except that most important eleventh one—"Thou shalt not be found out." "Two mothers-in-law" is generally the extreme penalty for bigamy among Peers. Even if an Earl is condemned to anything, he is gratified with a ceremonial as imposing as a Coronation. Oh, to be a Peer! What a time one would have! Why talk of liberty for every Englishman when crime is a luxury obtainable in comfort only by the aristocracy?

Another private member proposes duplicating the first Monday-in-August pandemonium, and letting loose the lower orders on a first Monday-in-July as well. It may be questioned whether there are not enough more or less summer Bank Holidays already, and whether Whit-Monday might not be advanced a little later in date and made to coincide with the proposed Victoria Day. It is all, however, very puzzling. I see two letters on the subject in a prominent daily. One (from an employer) declares the entire force of public opinion to be against the proposal. Assistants do not want it. They are underworked and overpaid as it is.

The other letter, signed "Slave," says there is not the slightest doubt that the Bill will be carried through unanimously. Assistants to a man demand it. Their life of toil under the present régime is one continuous tale of misery. With the present spread of education, holidays are nowadays given up to self-improvement and rational amusement. Intoxication is unknown. It is intolerable and criminal that employers should benefit by the good times, to amass bloated fortunes, while the employés which make them for them, on starvation wages, should never have a moment's respite from toil. The same question will always be looked at differently by different minds.

But why not extend the holiday system? Why not a general amnesty for dogs and cats a few times a year and a ticket-of-leave for horses every autumn? These animals cannot form trades' unions or vote for the Opposition member at the General Election. They cannot write to the papers complaining of the monotony of their occupations and the nervous strain of modern existence, and explain that a judicious rest would only secure increased efficiency in the manner in which they would pull hansom-cabs and carriages. However, my whole argument is, of course, an *ad captandum* one, a spurious effort to catch the well-known benevolent and philanthropic tone of *The Sketch*. Every sensible man earnestly avoids these popular orgies. He takes a holiday from holidays, and secures a rest by working extra hard.—HILL ROWAN.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

THE ROYAL OPERA SYNDICATE

deserve the heartiest thanks of the fashionable world and of music-lovers generally at the close of an interesting and successful season, despite the mournful fact that the death of Queen Victoria caused the King and Queen to be absent



MADAME SUZANNE ADAMS AS HERO.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

from their accustomed places at Covent Garden. Earl de Grey and Mr. Higgins, with their new Opera Director, M. Messager, and the ever-indefatigable Acting-Manager, Mr. Neil Forsyth, have put before their patrons a more varied series of lyric masterpieces than usual, including Professor Villiers Stanford's melodious operatic version of Shakspeare's "Much Ado About Nothing," in which

MADAME SUZANNE ADAMS

won fresh laurels by her creation of the fine part of Hero, which she invested with personal and vocal charm. The rare vivacity of her animated style of

acting, combined with her exceptional gifts as a singer in the very front rank, will be recalled by the souvenir *The Sketch* has the pleasure of printing of Madame Suzanne Adams-Stern on this page.

MADAME CALVÉ

and Madame Eames also did wonders at Covent Garden this season—the refined American prima donna being in the full maturity of her powers, and more expressive than she has hitherto been; and the sparkling and mercurial French "star" eclipsing herself as Carmen and in other great parts she has made her own. Of the distinguished German prime donne who have likewise added lustre to the season, I have spoken from week to week in terms of commendation thoroughly deserved by them.

MADAME MELBA

soon recovered from her attack of laryngitis, and appeared on the 24th inst. as the heroine of Gounod's opera, "Roméo et Juliette." Her countless admirers have naturally enjoyed seeing and hearing Madame Melba also in "La Bohème," by Puccini, and in the Mad Scene from "Lucia." Is it hoping too much to look forward to her reappearance next season in "Roméo et Juliette" with M. Jean de Reszke?

The brilliant Melbourne prima donna with the notes of honey is extremely fond of the Upper Thames. She has been staying at Great Marlow, and, no doubt, caught cold on the river during the hot weather. Madame Melba's steam-launch is often filled with the *crème de la crème* of the aristocracy, her visitors being only too pleased to accept the hospitality of the great Australian vocalist.



MADAME CALVÉ IN THE FOYER AT COVENT GARDEN: TELLING M. FLON A MERRY LITTLE TALE

Photo by K. Schlestinger.

MOZART'S "DON GIOVANNI"

attracted a large audience to Covent Garden on the 22nd. The work was written for Prague, over a century ago, for the paltry sum of one hundred ducats. It was first heard in London about seventy years ago. I have heard the opera about thirty times, but the music sounded as fresh as ever the other night.

WHIRROO FOR "THE EMERALD ISLE"!

Monday night was a gala night at the Savoy Theatre, the Management having generously invited the Irish Guards to witness the performance of that deservedly popular comic opera, "The Emerald Isle." Officers, non-commissioned officers, and men were present in force, and hugely relished the bright and merry performance of the humorous opera composed by the late Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. German, and written by Captain Basil Hood.

THE POPULAR CONCERTS.

Mr. Arthur Chappell, who started the Popular Concerts forty-two years ago, is about to retire. I cannot wonder at his decision, although I deeply regret its cause. Mr. Chappell has made all London lovers of music his debtors. I cannot help thinking that it was a mistake to continue so long in the German groove. The greatness of Beethoven and Schubert and Schumann I do not for one moment dispute, but there are other excellent composers whose works were never introduced at the "Pops." French and Italian musicians were not encouraged, and, as for British musicians, they were tabooed altogether, frequently in favour of Teutonic composers of the modern ugly school.

Under the new Management, the Monday performances will be abandoned, as it is found they do not draw. But the

SATURDAY AFTER-NOON CONCERTS

still prove attractive, and, with the influence of a little novelty, might be made still more popular. I fear that sonatas and chamber-music generally cease to please in our concert-rooms as they once did. The worries of everyday life tempt people to such light and cheerful entertainments as are provided at the Gaiety, the Savoy, Daly's, and the Lyric.

MR. ARTHUR CHAPPELL

will give a farewell concert at the Albert Hall on Dec. 18, in the afternoon, when Lady Hallé, Madame Clara Butt, Mr. Santley, M. Paderewski, and other famous singers and players will appear. I hope that our musical friends who value the great services of Mr. Chappell in the past will fill the hall to the last seat.



SULTANA D'ESMA.

THE BEAUTIFUL HUNGARIAN WHO SINGS IN FRENCH, HUNGARIAN, GERMAN, ITALIAN, AND ENGLISH, AND GIVES CHARACTERISTIC HUNGARIAN AND ORIENTAL DANCES.

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

SULTANA D'ESMA,

delineated above, belongs to a gifted race which has given the world many clever musicians and dancers. She is a handsome Hungarian of rare talent and versatility—a fascinating songstress and *chic* Oriental danseuse. Her sole agent is Mr. J. D. McLaren, 33, Old Bond Street, W.

SIGNOR PIATTI IS RIGHTLY MOURNED.

The renowned violoncellist was born in the same town, Bergamo, in which the composer Donizetti first saw the light. The latter died at his birthplace in 1847, after having written seventy operas, all banished from the modern stage. I met Signor Piatti a few years ago, when his health was beginning to fail. He said that, "greatly as he loved the English people, he was afraid he could not spend another winter in this country." He was a perfect enthusiast for music. He was free from the irritability which frequently accompanies the artistic temperament. He said, "My friend, if ever you go to Italy, let your visit be in October. The weather is then delicious in the vine-growing districts." His violoncello had the finest tone I ever heard, but I do not believe any other performer could have got such exquisite music from the instrument, which, if sold by auction in London, would probably fetch nearly a thousand pounds. Signor Piatti wrote charming solos for the instrument. He also composed several beautiful songs to English words—a fact amateur vocalists may be glad to know.

THE PROVINCIAL FESTIVALS

are beginning to announce their programmes, but I cannot discover much novelty in them. My country musical friends say that new works do not pay. Handel and Mendelssohn attract the most in their famous oratorios. A musical correspondent who has questioned who are the



MISS DORA BARTON,

WHO HAS BEEN PLAYING THE PART OF JOAN TREVELYAN WITH GREAT SUCCESS IN "SWEET AND TWENTY," AT THE VAUDEVILLE, DURING THE TEMPORARY ABSENCE OF MISS ELLAINE TERRISS.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

greatest musicians may be referred to the late Matthew Arnold, the essayist and poet, who speaks of "The Kings of Tone" as "Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn."

YOUNG MR. RANDEGGER,

nephew of the celebrated Conductor and Composer, Mr. Alberto Randegger, has written a violin concerto for Herr Kubelik, who has promised to play it in London and upon the Continent.

MR. LONDON RONALD

is to add to the harmony of that exceedingly lively Lancashire holiday resort, Blackpool. He has been appointed Conductor of the Classical Concerts to be given at the Blackpool Winter Gardens during August and September—superlatively attractive concerts at which Mesdames Melba and Albani and Mr. Ben Davies have been already engaged to sing. Meantime, the clever young son of the late author of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" will (on Aug. 2) conduct an orchestral concert at Harrogate.

MR. KENDALL ROBINSON

is to be congratulated on his charmingly pathetic little song, "Ever be Near," which he has both written and composed. Though somewhat sad, the refrain, "Darling, my heart is aching only for love of thee," &c., is very pretty. This song may be had in two keys, suitable for contralto or mezzo-soprano voices, and is published by E. Ascherberg and Co., 46, Berners Street, W.

THE CENTURY THEATRE

(which is the correct title of the new playhouse just erected on the site of the old Adelphi) will be opened on Sept. 7, with Mr. G. B. McLellan's "The Whirl of the Town" Company, in which Miss Madge Lessing and Mr. Henry E. Dixey (a brisk Adonis some years ago at the Gaiety) will take principal parts. Mr. Gus Kerker, the composer, will conduct on the first-night, when souvenirs of the occasion will be distributed.

MR. JAMES AYNLEY COOK.

Mr. J. Aynsley Cook is well qualified for the position of Manager at the London Hippodrome, for his courteous manner is blended with a firm discharge of his duties. He is a son of the late Aynsley Cook, the well-known member of the original Carl Rosa Company, and is a

nephew of the late Harry Payne, the famous clown, and also of Herr Meyer Lütz, of Gaiety Theatre orchestra renown, and has gained valuable experience since he left the Army as a theatrical manager and as Mr. H. E. Moss's representative for some years at the Empire, Liverpool. To the 15th Hussars and to the "Queen's Bays," during their respective services in South Africa and India (from 1881 to 1890, when Mr. Aynsley Cook was invalided home), he brought those special talents connected with music and the drama which made his services invaluable in the regimental theatrical performances. It has been said of him that his inherited love of music made him master of every instrument, from a penny whistle to a trombone, while his speciality is the pianoforte, and, being as well a champion boxer, he has been always able to hold his own on a stage or elsewhere. Altogether, Mr. Aynsley Cook at the London Hippodrome seems to be the right man in the right place.

MR. "PUNCH" CAMERON.

Mr. H. H. Cameron, better known in artistic circles as "Punch," has abandoned his old quarters of photographic fame in George Street, Hanover Square, for a new studio in the Brompton Road, overlooking the magnificent avenue of trees—perhaps the finest in London—leading to Brompton Church. The view is thoroughly catholic in its aspect, for it also embraces the Brompton Oratory. Mr. Cameron is likewise catholic in his taste, for he has just secured Rudyard Kipling's stage version of "Mougli," and the drawings for the dresses have been made by Mr. Kipling's father. Very excellent they are: full of character and quality, and executed by the hand of a master in Indian detail. Despite Mr. Cameron's connection with the Lyceum, it is not at that theatre that Rudyard Kipling's play will be produced. It will be remembered that Mr. Cameron supplied *The Sketch* with one of the best portraits of Earl Roberts.

"Rights and Wrongs of the Transvaal War," by E. T. Cook (Arnold), establishes Mr. Cook's reputation as one of our ablest political writers, perhaps the ablest and best-informed of all. Mr. Cook's qualities are the thoroughness of his information and the uniform calmness with which he writes. He is, in fact, very nearly passionless. Yet there are few controversialists more formidable in encounter. He misses nothing and forgets nothing. All his damaging quotations are close to his hand, and readers may agree with him or disagree. The ex-Editor of the *Daily News* has written a masterly book for every politician.



MR. JAMES AYNLEY COOK (OF THE LONDON HIPPODROME).

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

The Battle of the Motors—The New Forest—A Sunday Afternoon Spin—A Hint to Tourists—Free-Wheeling and Saddles—On the Buying of Machines—How to Keep Cool.

Time to light up: Wednesday, July 31, 8.49; Thursday, Aug. 1, 8.48; Friday, 8.46; Saturday, 8.44; Sunday, 8.42; Monday, 8.41; Tuesday, 8.39.

The battle of the motor-bicycles has begun. I hope before I am either grey or bald I will be able to sit on my bicycle in coasting attitude and go dipping and diving over the hills without any physical effort on my own part. Noise and stench are two things which keep me from expending my saved bawbees in a motor-bicycle. Silence and the scent of hedgerows is what I want in the country. I've too much faith, however, in the possibilities of science to doubt that before long we will have the comparatively silent and also inodorous motor mount. So long as the motor-bicycle is regarded as a kind of hybrid, neither a bicycle proper nor a motor proper, but a sport between the two, it won't "catch on" with the public. Now, however, it has actually arrived as a thing in itself, and rival firms are doing their best to gain favour.



THE KING ON HIS TRICYCLE.

Reproduced by permission from "Cycling."

His Majesty King Edward VII. lately purchased another Beeston-Humber tricycle, fitted with free-wheel. Whilst Prince of Wales, he had two tricycles from Messrs. Humber, Limited, and has ridden them continuously during the past three years in the grounds of Marlborough House, Buckingham Palace and at Sandringham, and it is interesting to note that he has now gone in for the free-wheel, which will, no doubt, further tend to popularise it. Messrs. Humber, Limited, are to be congratulated on earning such a mark of His Majesty's appreciation as the honour of supplying a third machine to him, and also on the fact that eight other members of the English Royal Family ride their machines.

Last week-end I took an American cycling friend of mine down into Hampshire to show him some of the beauties of the New Forest. We trained it from Waterloo to Lyndhurst Road, and the only incident of the journey was that my gear-case was smashed in the luggage-van, where it had to hobnob with miscellaneous boxes. When I complained to the guard, the only retort I got was, "It must have been smashed before it was put in." From Saturday noon till Monday noon we dawdled about the New Forest, forsaking the highways often, and taking to the lanes but feebly marked on the maps. Only once had we to turn back because the track ended nowhere. The broad ways slicing through the New Forest are, of course, the best for wheeling, but they lag behind the lanes in providing the serenest enjoyment. On the Sunday afternoon we rode out of Brockenhurst, lay down among the leather and smoked and slept for an hour, and then went curving through the silent woods, all shadow and poetry, scurrying the rabbits about Mark Ash, having a delightful tea with sylvan surroundings at Bolderwood, then away to Stoney Cross to have a look at the Rufus Stone, and so, by way of picturesque Minstead and through Lyndhurst, back to Brockenhurst, where we stayed at the Rose and Crown, one of the most comfortable little hostleries I have visited in my many peregrinations. One night, also, we halted at Beaulieu, one of the beautiful villages of Hampshire, and smoked our pipes in the lee of the old Abbey while the hush of night crept over the land. Also we visited on the Sunday morning Boldre Church—too often missed by the wheelman, but a quaint and peaceful spot, out-of-the-world, as it were, and no different now to what it must have been two hundred years ago. I advise London cyclists to visit the New Forest, and let them take in their pocket George Dewar's "Hampshire" (published by J. M. Dent and Co.), a charming volume.

Plenty of cyclists are now out taking their fortnight or their month's holiday by touring the prettier parts of the country. It is exceedingly enjoyable to go cycling through Rhineland or Normandy, but no wheelman should boast of such a tour until he has first exhausted as a cycling holiday all the beautiful spots of his own land. The hotel charges are less abroad than at home, but, in point of fine scenery and

health, the British Isles are not to be beaten. The worst way of taking a cycling holiday is to do a long jaunt, say, from Land's End to John o' Groat's, which has a fascination for some folks. The man or the woman who just cycles through Devonshire sees comparatively nothing of it. The thing is to settle down at one place, make that your touring centre for a week or so, and, when you have seen all you want, move on and make another centre. You can then get rid of the usual discomforts of cycle touring. You can have changes of clothing with you—and how blessed it is to slip into a cool shirt after you come in hot and perspiring!—and you get to like the old country inn, which you have not a chance of appreciating if you are simply here this evening and gone to-morrow morning.

Those who free-wheel will have noticed that the ordinary light spring saddle does not prove so serviceable as on a fixed gear. Riding a fixed gear, more or less of the weight is thrown upon the pedals. In free-wheeling, however, the disposition is to let most of the weight rest on the saddle, and in a long coast, especially over ground that is at all rough, a tremendous strain is thrown on the saddle. The best-made saddles in this country leave comparatively little to be desired.

Necessity is indeed the mother of invention. I heard the other day about a lady who, being without her lamp and having before her a ride home in the dark, got a glass jam-pot, put a night-light inside, and swung the pot to the handle-bar. The idea is worth remembering if ever you find yourself with a useless lamp or without one at all.

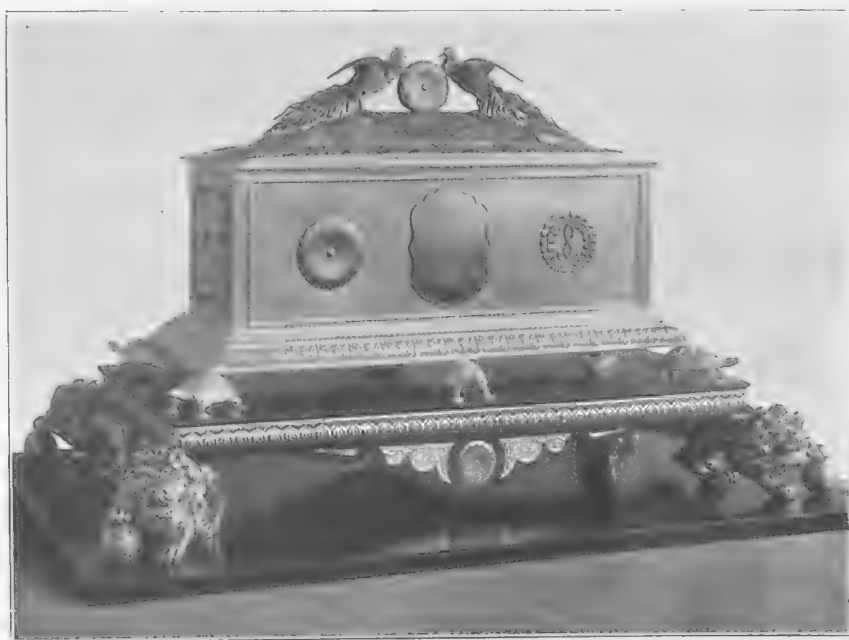
When a man wants to buy a machine, he is, unless he has a predilection for a particular make, as hard to please as a lady choosing a new hat. Nothing looks better than a machine with many bright plated parts. To those about to buy a new machine, folks who want to cycle only when the weather is assuredly fine, let them minister to their fancy in the matter of plated parts. But if they want their machine for ordinary everyday use, for foul weather as well as for fair, they would be well advised in having as little plate as possible. It soon tarnishes; dull plate never looks well, and a lot of additional cleaning is necessary. Besides, it is not the nicest-looking bicycle that is always the best.

In the recent spell of hot weather I made it a point to go cycling. Some of my friends regarded me as an amiable maniac, and said they found it quite hot enough without the additional effort of cycling. Now, in hot weather to take a cycle-ride helps to keep you cool. Of course, you mustn't tear along as though trying to win a race, but ride easily and within your strength. Your progress causes a cooling breeze. The moment you stop, however, you will feel the full glare of the heat again. If there is any more torrid weather, try my plan some panting afternoon.

J. F. F.

PRESENTATION TO THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN.

The casket for presentation to the Crown Prince of Japan is of solid silver, oblong, partially gilt, and has on the front and reverse the chrysanthemum with sixteen petals, the crest of the reigning family of Japan. The wisteria also is shown on both sides, this being the crest of the Crown Princess's family. In the centre between the two crests is a shield bearing the inscription in English on one side and in Japanese on the other. At each end of the casket there is a panel having a finely executed enamel painting carried out in the Japanese style of art. The inscription reads: "Presented to His Imperial Highness the Crown Prince, by the Foreign Communities of Kobe and Osaka, as a token of respectful congratulation on the auspicious occasion of His Imperial Highness's marriage, the 10th day of May, 1900." This beautiful work of art was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, 112, Regent Street, London.



CASKET FOR PRESENTATION TO THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

Next Year.

It is gratifying to hear that the King and Queen of England will probably witness the race for the Epsom Derby in 1902. It is understood that the Epsom shareholders will build a new Royal Stand for the occasion, and I would suggest a one-storey building on the site of the Jockey Club Stand, just opposite to the Judge's Box. The Royal personages could then easily view the races, and, what is more, all the people on the Stands could get a good view of their King and Queen. The Stand could easily be reached by a wide tunnel bored from the Grand Stand, and I suggest that the tunnel should be built in any case, so as to keep the people off the course.



GLORIOUS GOODWOOD: THE GRAND STAND—FINISH OF A RACE.

Mr. Dorling can look for a record attendance at next year's Derby, for the foreigners are certain to flock to Epsom in their thousands, while the loyal English sportsmen will come in huge battalions, especially should His Majesty have a prominent candidate running for the Blue Riband of the Turf. The Derby is the race of the year, and only those people who have sojourned in the Colonies can form any idea of the interest taken in the event the world over. Wherever the English, or, in fact, any language, is spoken, the one question, "What's won the Derby?" is eagerly asked each year.

Goodwood.

All the South Coast watering-places are filled with visitors just now. The favourite stopping-places for the Goodwood Meeting are Bognor, Southsea, Worthing, Littlehampton, Shoreham, and Brighton. The jockeys and trainers favour Singleton, because it is so close to the course. The Brighton Company run capital specials from London and Brighton to Drayton and Chichester, and I think it would pay the company to put a dining-car on the return train to Victoria. This would give the passengers the chance to get to the theatres in good time. Further, a couple of tea-cars on the Brighton return special would, I am sure, bring in a big return. I know the railway companies find full employment for all available rolling-stock at this season of the year; but, as investments, I feel certain the suggestions I have made would pay well. The time may come when the railway companies will take us up to the course at so much per head. In the meantime, we take our chance on the half-crown char-à-banc or the landau, "All the way, twenty-five shillings." If the railway ran up to the Grand Stand, the enclosures would not hold the people who would patronise this popular meeting.

Ninety in the Shade.

I'm a stickler for comfort, and the question of headgear has engaged my attention of late. For the benefit of all whom it may concern, I may mention that I have decided to have two strings to my bow when attending the South Coast meetings. I shall wear my Panama and take a cap in my pocket. If the wind be rough or if we experience any of those wetting sea-fogs, the cap will go on duty. If, on the other hand, the heat-wave continues, then the Panama will be worn. I think this should ensure one positive comfort. Top-hats and bowlers are a nuisance when travelling the South Coast meetings, as clouds of chalk-dust, immediately followed by storm-showers, turn these items of headgear into so many whitewash-buckets in appearance. Further, I think it is positively dangerous to wear a bowler with the thermometer standing at ninety degrees in the shade. When biking through one of the Surrey villages a few days back, I noticed the village blacksmith labouring under a big straw-hat that had a huge sheet of brown paper spread wide over it. This served as a good protection to the back of the neck.

Future Events.

If I am rightly informed, King's Messenger will win the Goodwood Plate. Cole has had the horse at work on the course for some days, and he looks all right. Saturday, in the same race, is useful, and he may win the Cesarewitch. He ran second last year. The Alexandra Welter Handicap, at Alexandra Park on Saturday, may be won by Cherokee. The Bank Holiday meetings are best left alone, except by post speculators. I am told that Epsom Lad is bound to win the Jockey Club Stakes—that is, provided he is all right and is a starter. The horse was lame prior to his win in the Eclipse Stakes, and it seems he is troubled with rheumatism; but it is nothing serious. By the way, Alvarez, Gomez, and Rivaz, the trainer and jockeys, live all alone in a house at Newmarket. The three take it in turns to do the cooking and the household duties, and no woman ever enters the house. Not one of the three can speak a word of English, and they do all their talking in Spanish. Their system of training, whatever it is, is as near to perfection as possible. Their horses are seldom seen out by the touts, but they are galloped and led about in the early morning and late in the afternoon.

Tea.

At one or two meetings I have attended lately no tea was on sale in Tattersall's Ring until late in the afternoon. Clerks of Courses ought to be compelled to provide tea all day long at a reasonable charge. Many of my own friends have arrived at the conclusion, after years of testing various drinks, that cold tea with a slice of lemon is the best thirst-quencher of the age. I am of the same opinion, but the difficulty is to get our tea when we want it. It is seldom possible to get a cup of tea before it is time for the last race set to be run. Then it is too late to cure one's headache—and many of us get headaches when we cannot get our cup of wholesome Souchong. The Japanese tea-room at Ascot is a big institution, but the charges are out of all proportion to the benefits received. I do not begrudge sixpence for a good cup of tea, but a shilling is a bit too steep. A capital tea is provided for members of the Middlesex County Club at Alexandra Park, which proves that it can be done well at some places. Why not at all?

Plunging.

I have several times of late referred to the big plunging carried on by certain backers who thought they had only to put their money down to pick it up again with interest. Another member of the fraternity had to compromise with the bookmakers a week or two ago, and, if rumour does not lie, one or two big accounts will be missing next week. The critics, who lose no opportunity of blaming the American jockeys, seemingly forget that many English jockeys had to stand down some few years back, and, if I am not greatly at fault, one or two English riders will find themselves out of collar before the present season is over. The system of readying horses for the big speculators may pay, but I am sure it will meet with its just punishment if the Stewards of the Jockey Club find out anything. Some of the in-and-out running is too bad, and I really do not know what good many of the English jockeys are unless it is to pull horses. The big plungers should take a note of what I write. They may think they are backing certainties, yet their horses may tumble up against others that have been readied for months.

CAPTAIN COE.



GLORIOUS GOODWOOD: THE CORNER, FROM THE HILL.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

AN interesting discussion apropos of charity and the benefactions of modern millionaires took place at a dinner to which I was bidden some evenings since; the burning question veering round to the respective generosity of wealthy men and women in small things as well as large, but more particularly as relating to charitable

day in Glasgow, I was more than ever struck with the desirability of diamonds when visiting that quite excellently arranged Exhibition which Sandy has brought forth North of the Tweed. The Association of Diamond Merchants and Smith and Son, of the Strand, own particularly well-arranged exhibits, and if the good burgesses of Glasgow are not wheedled into purchasing some of the beautiful things therein on view it should not be the fault of the Caledonian ladies. There are three fine diamonds in the former exhibit, valued at £10,000 by the vendors, which attract a good deal of admiring attention, and the coloured unset stones that the Diamond Merchants' Association are also showing have a special interest for women, inasmuch as one can choose one's own stone and have it set to any selected or original design. The silver-ware of these enterprising tradesmen merits also more than a passing word of praise, as originality of design is the predominating feature, some of their prize cups being both artistic and original, adjectives which cannot be truthfully applied to the usual tasteless designs which one sees in challenge-cups and presentation silver generally. Every article being marked in plain figures seemed to be deeply appreciated by the thrifty Scot, who, before calling his wife to admire, would, I noticed, have a careful look previously at the price.

Smith and Son, of 9, Strand, show a very representative stock of watches, from the expensive chronograph, or clock-watch with minute repeater, minute and seconds, perpetual calendar and phases of the moon, revolving escapement with special repeating action, and heaven



[Copyright.]

A GRACEFUL GOWN OF BLUE LINEN.

dispensations. More or less heated arguments on both sides made the discussion anything but the usual deadly-lively series of platitudes which enliven the ordinary dinner-party. Instances were quoted by the dozen in support of respective beliefs, from Mr. Andrew Carnegie's munificence towards the students of his native land to the opposing characteristics shown by the will of the late Mr. Alfred Morrison, the disposal of whose enormous wealth did not by his last testament include a pound to charity. On the feminine side, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts' large-handed givings were advanced in argument, as well as those of Mrs. Sam Lewis, who has endowed the Royal Academy so largely of late, and, while living in strict retirement, is known to use her great wealth in helping hundreds of her less well-bestowed fellow-creatures. Nor was Lady Meux forgotten as an instance of the most unostentatious benefactresses of "Tommy Atkins," having sent him out literally tons of comforts during this miserable War, and that, low be it spoken, without advertising herself after the approved manner in the daily papers. So there was a good deal of for and against, but I think the men had it in the end, brilliant examples notwithstanding. Nor can it be denied, indeed, broadly speaking, that woman's province and practice has ever seemed rather that of acquisitiveness than the lavishness which characterises the ordinary "mere man."

Talking of millionaires and their manners brings one in natural sequence to the contemplation of expensive things, and, being the other



[Copyright.]

DINNER-GOWN OF WHITE CHIFFON WITH BLACK LACE MOTIFS.

knows what not in ingenious complications besides, to the tiny jewelled baby-watch, made to repose amongst the laces of a fine lady's corsage. Every intermediate grade of timekeeper is, moreover, on view, and the great thing to be remembered about Smith and Son's watches is that, whether large or small, expensive or low-priced, they are, above all things, faithful timekeepers.

Lazy people who eschew exertion in August, and yet wish to find themselves in mountain air and the charm of Swiss surroundings, will be interested to know that a new railway has been opened this week to Chamounix, a fact which will make its recently discovered glaciers known to a larger number of the sight-seeing public than before. The glaciers of Grindelwald, now slowly diminishing, are, for instance, as most



MR. J. F. CODD, HON. SECRETARY OF
THE ROYAL IRISH YACHT CLUB.

Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

travelling folk know, more or less of mediæval history, and were known at least to the Royal Society as far back as 1600, while two adventurous Englishmen, Wyndham and Pocock, first discovered the Chamounix glaciers little more than a hundred years ago. Of those that are yearly viewed by pilgrims to the Matterhorn I cannot speak as to age or ancient chronicles, though at the present moment enjoying their near neighbourhood with a relish that even the noisy and irreverent American or acerbated but quite proper English female of the suburbs cannot spoil. These two varieties of "human various" seem to grow on Swiss mountain-sides, and are as variously recurrent as the flora of this charming land. Go where one will, the nasal vocalisation of New York or Chicago strikes the ear with its incisive twang, while the gregarious "Englanderin" of certain middle-class, uncertain age, and shocking hat, which always travels in twos and is never by any chance married, is also a never-absent object of the landscape.

I heard a Frenchman wittily define both sections of the eternal feminine some days since by remarking that the American "can be always discovered by her inextinguishable accent, and the Englishwoman by her undistinguishable waist."

Apropos des bottes, Messrs. Waring and Sons have, with commendable enterprise, recently undertaken to educate "The Man in the Street" by erecting in front of their proposed buildings in Oxford Street a very excellent and highly decorative "gantry," to use building parlance, a "gantry" being practically a hoarding. Instead of the old idea of covering these necessary but uninteresting erections with posters, Messrs. Waring have dealt with the entire frontage of nearly two hundred feet on an original scheme, which, whilst being both artistic and æsthetic, should prove an excellent advertisement for their contemplated change of position. Another prominent firm of artistic furnishers, who are also opening new and important premises during the coming autumn in Tottenham Court Road, are Messrs. Norman and Stacey, of Queen Victoria Street, whose magnificent display at Earl's Court Exhibition has proved such an attraction to Londoners this year.

Passing through Paris the other day on my way to Switzerland, it was noticeable how few foulards adorned the smart women who still linger on in that town of *chic* and chiffons, to foregather at six p.m. in the Allées des Acacias or the Pré des Fleurs and dawdle away a few evening hours in the inestimable Bois. Embroidered linons and tucked transparencies of all sorts have this year entirely replaced the soft silk, which, however cool and useful, is now no longer considered entirely smart—at least, in Paris. Sashes are nearly always an accompaniment of these airy-fairy confections, the long, flowing ends being either of tulle, gauze, or chiffon, in many cases threaded through with ribands of narrow velvet. The ruffle is, moreover, dying the death that an overdone fashion invariably dies in Paris as elsewhere by being adopted into the humbler social circles and consequently dropped by the higher.

Autumnal hats for country fêtes or garden-parties are garlanded with wreaths of any or every variety of flower, which, meeting at the back of the crown, continue in a single trail, fastening on the shoulder and being finished off by a bow and ends of tulle. The fashion is designed to replace the ruffle, to a certain extent, but is an exaggeration of adornment which would require a very pretty or a very smart or a very graceful girl to carry off with success. The merely commonplace woman (and alack that the class should predominate as it doth!) should not be advised to attempt it.

Girls who do not count a first-rate *couturière* amongst their luxuries, but are either in the possession of deft fingers themselves or own maids with these desirable digits, will find that the manufacture of smart, well-fitting, home-made bodices becomes quite possible by the employment of a self-fitting dress-bodice boned lining which is being introduced to Society under the style and title of the "Regina," and can, moreover, be obtained from any good draper, or from the maker thereof, W. T. Reddell, of 28, Wilton Street, London. The prices of this eminently useful invention vary according to the material used in its make. All the bodices possess sleeves and stiffened collar, adjustable seams and patent fastenings, and are simply invaluable to the girl of limited allowance. Their prices are 2s. 6d., 3s. 9d., 4s. 11d., and 6s. 6d. The size of waist and chest-measurement should be stated when ordering, and, for the rest, these bodices will be found perfectly proportioned and a boon generally to dressmakers and their customers alike.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

DUENNA (Liverpool).—You should advertise in *Times* and *Morning Post* on arriving in London. They are the best mediums for arriving at what you require. Paris is too hot now, and nobody of importance remains there in August. Why not go into the Auvergne Mountains for a few weeks? Take plenty of Diuneford's Fluid Magnesia and Scrubb's Ammonia to keep off mosquitoes. You cannot get them in France, and both are invaluable to travellers.

SYBIL.

KINGSTOWN REGATTA.

In connection with the Kingstown Regatta, I should have given last week a portrait of Mr. J. F. Codd, the very energetic Honorary Secretary of the Royal Irish Yacht Club, of which the Marquis of Ormonde is Commodore. I repair the omission. Kingstown Regatta is considered one of the most important in the kingdom. It entails an immense amount of work, and the great success of the function this year was entirely due to Mr. Codd's exertions.

THE PALACE STEAMERS.

The New Palace Steamers, Limited, have decided not to make any material alteration in their Bank Holiday sailings. The *Royal Sovereign* and *Koh-i-Noor* will sail at their usual times from Old Swan Pier to Southend, Margate, and Ramsgate, the latter vessel doing her popular husbands' boat trip to Margate on Saturday, Aug. 3. *La Marguerite* will sail her usual trips to Margate on Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 3 and 4, and to Boulogne and back on Bank Holiday Monday. On this date the Summer Fêtes at Boulogne commence. Horse-racing and all kinds of Continental gala amusements will be in full swing, making an extra attraction at the already very attractive watering-place. A very pleasant stay can be made from the Monday to Wednesday. The trip to Calais and back on Thursdays is steadily increasing in popularity with the London, Southend, and Margate trippers, they evidently appreciating a visit to this French port (which is of such historic interest to Englishmen), together with the popular times of sailing.

CHAIN AND BADGE FOR KENSINGTON.

The chain presented by Sir H. Seymour King, K.C.I.E., to the Borough of Kensington has links of Elizabethan character, with the letter "K" enamelled in blue and gold appearing at intervals. The centre link bears in enamelled colours the Arms of Sir Seymour King, as the first Mayor, and the shields forming principal links are intended to bear those of future Mayors. The badge is quatrefoil in shape, of handsome form, and bears the Arms of the Borough of Kensington enamelled in proper colours, with the motto "Quid nobis ardui." Both badge and chain were designed and modelled by the Royal Silversmiths, Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and Oxford Street, London, W.



MAYORAL CHAIN AND BADGE PRESENTED BY
SIR H. SEYMOUR KING TO KENSINGTON.

In this age of many whiskies, it is a pleasure to find the leal and loyal Dominion across the Atlantic yields so palatable and so wholesome a spirit as the "Canadian Club Whisky," thoroughly pure and of guaranteed maturity, as indicated by the Canadian Government Excise Certificate affixed to the capsule of every bottle. There is so great a demand for this mellow and genuine seven-year-old whisky that quite a township, Walkerville, has grown round the distillery Mr. Hiram Walker established in 1858. The offices of Messrs. Hiram Walker, Limited, are palatial, and, bearing in mind the high quality of the "Canadian Club Whisky," no wonder it is shipped in barrels to all parts of the globe. The London branch is at 13 and 14, Trinity Square, Tower Hill, E.C. It should be added that the King has continued the Royal Warrant to Messrs. Walker and Sons for the supply of their "Canadian Club Whisky."

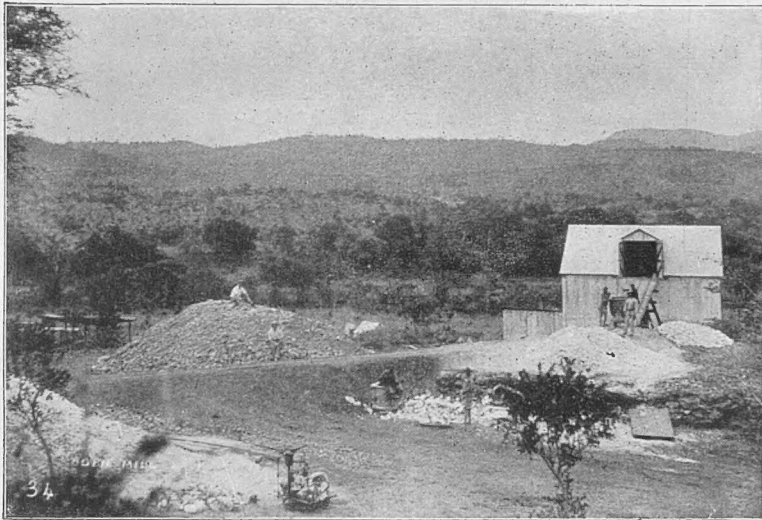
INCREASED TRAVELLING FACILITIES TO AND FROM GERMANY.—For the convenience of the travelling public, the Great Eastern Railway Company have made arrangements with the German railways for return tickets to and from German towns by the Harwich-Hook of Holland and Harwich-Antwerp routes, to be available for forty-five days, instead of thirty days as heretofore, without extra charge.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 13.

THE OUTLOOK.

FOR several weeks we have had but the weary story of no business and bad markets to tell, nor is there any change for the better to record. During the week we happened to have business relations with the senior partner in one of the leading firms of Stock Exchange brokers—a gentleman whose name is almost a household



RHODESIAN MINING: THE DOBIE MILL.

word not only in the City, but in the country—and we were surprised to find how pessimistic our friend was. He felt sure that real improvement in financial matters could not be expected until "this wretched War was over," and he backed his opinion by refusing to take a hand in a big deal which was proposed to his firm. As an example of how unresponsive the public had become, this gentleman instanced the late issue of Linotype debentures, which were being dealt in at a discount, although the application lists were not (at the time of the conversation) closed. In the opinion of this gentleman, there was every probability of dearer money in the autumn, which would not improve matters, and he wound up a most pessimistic forecast by saying that the only chance of improvement he saw was in the Yankee Market, where much would depend on the crop prospects.

We do not quite endorse all that our friend the broker said, but there can be no question about the sincerity of his words, and his exceptional opportunities for forming an opinion.

This week we reproduce two Rhodesian photographs, for which we are indebted to the kindness of the Chartered Company. With the return of peace in South Africa, and an improvement in the labour supply which must then be anticipated, there can be little question as to the all-round revival in things Rhodesian which would come about.

HOME RAILS.

Last week we said that our forecasts of the Railway dividends had erred on the side of being too favourable, and to some extent the latest reports confirm this view. We had underestimated the increase of the working expenses, although at the time we wrote we thought we had been rather pessimistic in our forecasts. The South-Eastern and Chatham report was a veritable eye-opener, for, where we had anticipated an increase of £50,000 in the working charges, they have come out at the enormous figure of £150,962, and this, too, with a reduced train-mileage of over two hundred thousand miles. Every single item in the expenses except "rates and taxes" has gone up, and, worst of all, the wages bill has increased by £26,000.

The South-Western dividend was considerably worse than the dividend expected, and on the announcement a drop of three points at once took place in the Ordinary stock. No such miserable dividend has been declared since 1886, and the 3½ per cent. now forthcoming is a sad falling-off from the 4½ of the corresponding period last year. Cheaper coal and other materials, however, lead to the hope that a good bit may be picked up in the second half of the year, so that, unless traffics alter for the worse, there is some hope for the Deferred at the end of 1901.

In the case of the Midland and the North-Eastern, we appear to have exactly anticipated the decision of the Directors, and with regard to the Great Northern our forecast was ¼ per cent. below what the management have settled to distribute, but, to pay the 2½ per cent. decided upon, it has been necessary to draw upon the reserve to the extent of £60,000, which even the most venturesome of prophets could hardly

have speculated upon. Allowing for this, we were, in fact, considerably too optimistic.

ELECTRIC RAILS.

Alone among its compeers to pay an increased dividend, the City and South London Railway Company supplemented its distribution of 1½ per cent. per annum by a report that spoke of ardent progress in all directions through the suburbs. At the meeting the Board was authorised to issue £50,000 Preference stock for the purpose of financing some of the extensions, and it is expected that the new line to the "Angel," from which so much is hoped, will be ready very soon. It is, however, a somewhat curious commentary on the advanced dividend that no change should have taken place in the quotation for the Ordinary stock, which still stands at 54. It may be that the market considers the company is going ahead rather too quickly, and the stockholders evidently are willing to rest contented with the stakes they already have in the concern.

The Great Northern and City Electric line is to be opened, if the Directors' hopes are justified, early in the winter, and this should prove a profitable enterprise enough, since its line will tap an immensely congested and increasing population. Yet its "A" Preference shares, bearing 4 per cent. interest, are buyable at 8, and they are of £10 each, fully paid. This is largely due to the unmarketability of the security. They are very difficult to deal in, unlike the "Twopenny Tube" stocks, in which there is a free trade at all times. The Central London certainly deserves the congratulations which are being showered upon it for having earned at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum on the whole capital of the company during the past half-year. The Ordinary stock looks quite a good investment, better, perhaps, than Waterloo and City, although the latter will get its regular 3 per cent. as long as the London and South-Western can pay it, and there is, of course, no likelihood that anything will happen to prevent that.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

There are a good many brokers who will in future shun like poison what is generally known as "the West-End crowd." Under that vague and high-sounding singularity there is embraced a variety of groups—little syndicates and that kind of thing. To the operations of some few of these select coteries not a little of the present trouble in the Stock Exchange is directly attributable. By reckless plunging in West Africans and Yankees they piled up huge adverse differences, which differences many of these West-Enders either cannot or else they will not pay in full. The greater part of the failures that have occurred just recently in the House was brought about by the return of these clients' cheques, and heavy lines of bankrupt stock, forced upon unwilling markets, have flattened out those markets all round the speculative area, what time the investment divisions are being violently upset by the fall in Consols and a series of sensationally wretched Railway dividends. Small wonder is it that the Stock Exchange is depressed and that it has lost much of its accustomed optimism! The surprising part is that any heart is left in it at all.

But Capel Court cannot sustain dolefulness for long. A hopeful lot are we, and as soon as the current wreckage is saved there must come a smart revival in all directions. That self-same Jungle, which at the time of writing is a miasmic swamp of dismal fears, will be turned into a blossoming bull-garden, just as it was before the hand of the West-End crept in and diminished the bankers' balances of its principal devotees. Engineers from the West African Gold Coast are proving beyond a doubt the richness of the region, but the difficulties of transport and of climate render delay and disappointment absolutely inevitable. I have already suggested half-a-dozen West Africans that are likely to turn out big successes when they are properly developed, and to them let me add the Goldfields of Eastern Akim. It is a little parent company, managed, in a business-like and eminently sensible way, for the benefit, strange to say, of the shareholders. Already it has floated with success a pair of babies, and others are on the way. Its properties are situated in a gold-producing area, and the price of the shares verges on £2. They would appear to be a fair speculative investment. After "tipping" such a "tip" as this, it may be as well, perhaps, for the tipster to add that he has no interest whatever in the concern or its shares. As has been stated before, it is wholly against his principles to write on any subject with which he has any connection, even of the smallest, unless the interest is disclosed. I beg my readers' pardon for this personal digression.



A PROSPECTOR AND HIS SURROUNDINGS IN RHODESIA.

Home Rails wear the semblance of curling up their toes and fading away into nothingness, like the smile of the Cheshire Cat. "Why did Lewis Carroll?" asked the wag in last week's *Sketch*, and answered, "Because Alice threw the looking-glass." The various Boards of the Railway Companies have been throwing looking-glasses into the Stock Exchange with a vengeance this week, and as the market looks at itself through the miserable dividend results it waxes unhappier than ever. It seems almost unrealisable that Dover "A," now in the region of 55, stood at 103 at one time last year, while in 1897—that glad year for Railway stockholders—it went within an eighth per cent. of 120. Glancing back at that balmy year of Jubilee, one naturally starts comparisons which go to show how tremendously the capital sums of Railway investors have shrunk during the interval. However much one may hate statistics, the figures are certainly valuable in many ways, and the shrinkage in dividends and in capital value of the Home Railway Market alone during the past four years helps to explain to some extent why it is that markets fail to be supported more freely by the public. Put briefly, people find their incomes from investment—in Railways and Kaffirs especially—so diminished that they have neither cash nor courage to add to their existing holdings. But to get to our statistics. I give the best quotations attained in 1897 and add the closing quotations of this Saturday—

Stock.	Highest, 1897.	Price July 27, 1901.	Fall.
Brighton "A" ...	186	126 $\frac{3}{4}$	59 $\frac{1}{2}$
Great Eastern ...	128 $\frac{1}{2}$	94	34 $\frac{1}{2}$
Great Western ...	179 $\frac{1}{2}$	133 $\frac{1}{2}$	45 $\frac{1}{2}$
Lancs. and Yorks. ...	156	117	39
London and North-Western	209 $\frac{3}{4}$	166 $\frac{1}{2}$	43 $\frac{1}{2}$
London and South-Western	233	173	60
Ditto Def. ...	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	62	35 $\frac{1}{2}$
Metropolitan ...	134 $\frac{1}{2}$	78	56 $\frac{1}{2}$
North-Eastern ...	182 $\frac{3}{4}$	157	25 $\frac{3}{4}$
South-Eastern "A" ...	119 $\frac{1}{2}$	55	64 $\frac{1}{2}$
Ditto "B" ...	199 $\frac{1}{2}$	130	69 $\frac{1}{2}$

"The Ladies!" cried a gallant toast-proposer. "They speak for themselves!" So do these figures.

A bold man he who would venture to buy Home Rails at the present juncture, and yet, methinks, a very wise one. Midland Deferred, Great Western Ordinary, and North-Eastern Consols I should unhesitatingly put my Mother into if she were on the look-out for an investment now. Sooner or later, the reaction must come, and he is a fool, it has so often and so truly been said, who waits expecting to get in at the bottom or out at the top.

The "startlin' reverlashuns" concerning the London and Globe Corporation and its little gambles, as unfolded by the Official Receiver, have come perhaps as a mild surprise even to those who understood something about the inner workings of finance companies of the shady sort. They can do no harm to the market now. The only depth to which Westralians can now fall is that which they have been consigned to many a time by those who dabbled in them not wisely but too oft. Public interest in that unhappy section is there none, and I am astonished that the few dealers who haunt it are content to come up day after day upon the mere prospect of being able to "do" somebody else to the tune of three-two-six or six pounds five. The feelings of real holders of West Australian shares must enable them to heartily sympathise with those which a popular cricketer must feel when his benefit-days turn out to be pouringly wet. Poor Lockwood! He is a great favourite in the House, which is always very keen on cricket. Have we not nourished Stoddart himself in our midst? Is not Mr. K. J. Key one of us—Mr. G. MacGregor, too, and Mr. A. P. Lucas? Others there are of equal fame who have shown that the Stock Exchange can make runs in the cricket season as quickly as it can make money in a boom, or put as pretty a turn on a ball as ever jobber got out of Dock stocks or Bank shares. It is such a pity that no representative Stock Exchange Eleven should exist. There is not so much as a House Cricket Club, the reason being that members belong to Clubs situated nearer their homes. But surely this is an objection that might be readily overcome. To those who love the game and the Stock Exchange, the idea, for next season, is humbly commended by

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

BANK SHARES.

The Bank meetings are now on, and we are being regaled with the dishes of finance-cum-politics that are usually provided at these functions. So far, the speakers have attributed the perturbation of the past six months to the issue of the sixty millions Consols and to the wild speculation in Americans. One or two of the Chairmen have sought to prove that there is no truth in the statement about American shares having all gone to the other side, but the arguments are not very conclusive. The fact that the actual shares are over here, and locked up in Bank safes as security for loans, does not prove by any means that the certificates have not been sold to America, since they may be carried-over on Yankee account in London just as well as in New York.

Most of the leading Bank shares can be bought to pay yields ranging from 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ to 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., and when the revival in investment markets shall come they will be likely to feel its cheering influence to the full. We have remarked before upon the excellent field that lies open to the investor in this direction, and to those who do not mind the vague apprehension begotten by the liability on Bank shares the latter are both sound and cheap at current quotations.

Saturday, July 27, 1901.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

ENQUIRER.—We strongly advise you to deal with neither of the people you mention. They are both outside touts.

EXMOOR.—The Bank is very good. If you buy now, you will get the next dividend. The shares carry a liability of 125 dollars each, plus the note issue of the Bank for the time being, but, although this is to be remembered when buying, as far as can be seen there is not much risk.

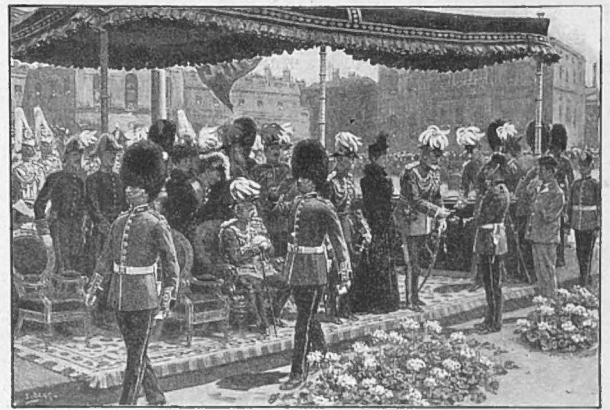
J. A.—Gas Light and Coke Ordinary would suit you, or South Melbourne 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ Bonds at about 103.

READER.—(1) See this week's Notes. (2) If we held Bryant and May shares, we should support the scheme under the circumstances described by the Chairman. We agree that the Directors ought never to have allowed such a state of affairs to come about; but you must make the best of the facts as they are, not as they ought to be.

E. O. C. (Dresden).—We know there was such a company as you inquire about registered in the years 1896 or 1897, but to tell you about it we shall have to make inquiries. A reply shall be published next week.

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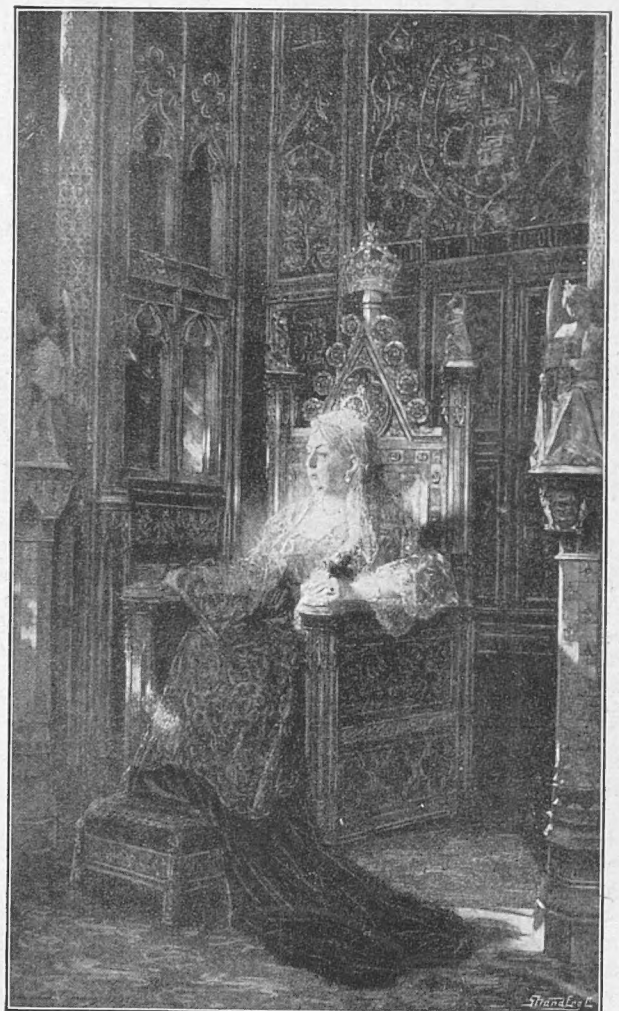


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